ETERNITY TO TH

E

STARS

Jonty Tiplady

24/06/15 DRAFT

OR

FRED MOTEN'S VOICE

OR

BASED GOD STUDIES

OR

THE DEATH OF THE MARXIST POETRY SCENE

OR

BLIND CARBON COPY

OR

THE CONFUSION OF HUNGER

OR

CONFESSIONS OF A CHILD OF THE TWENTY SECOND CENTURY

OR

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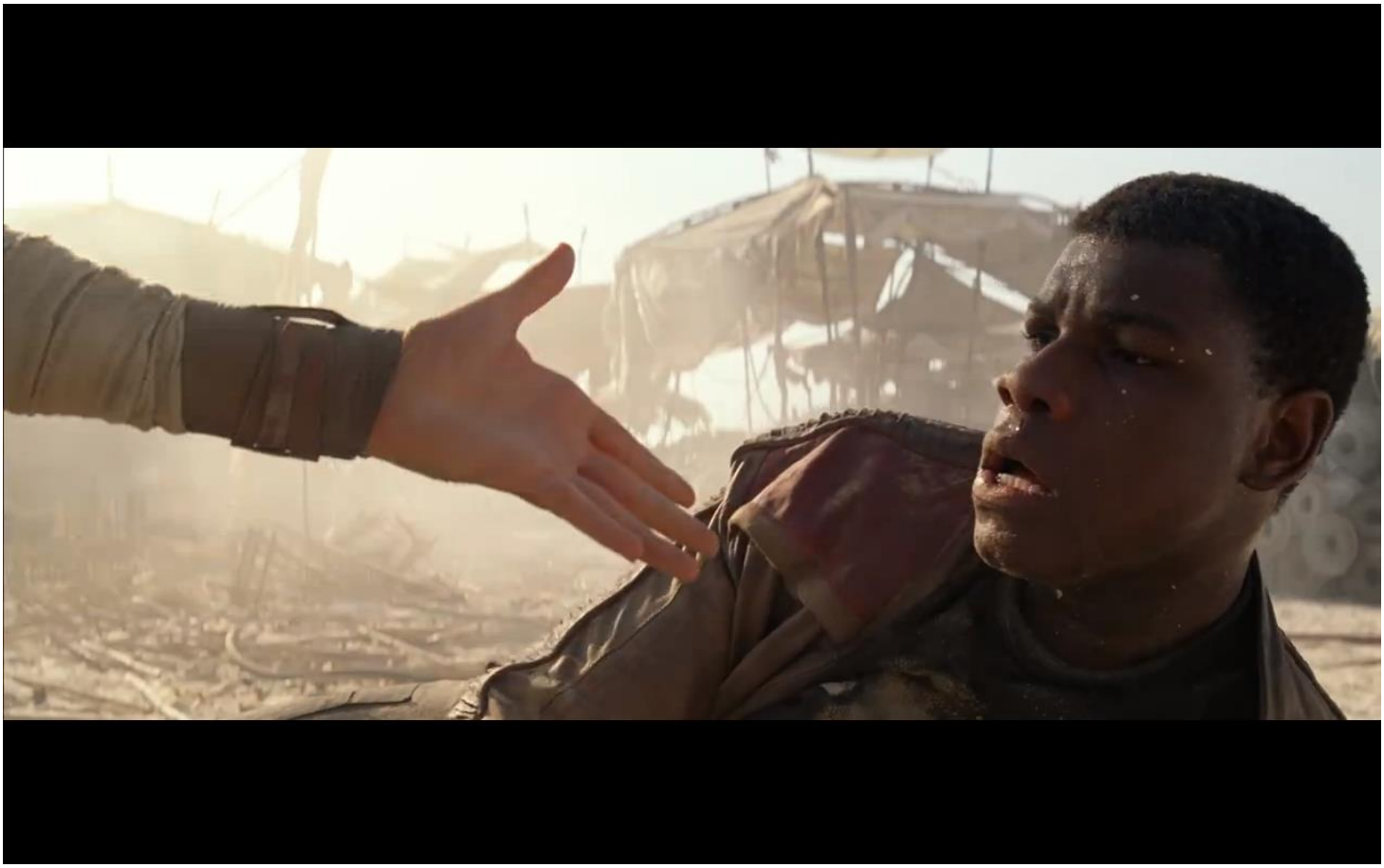
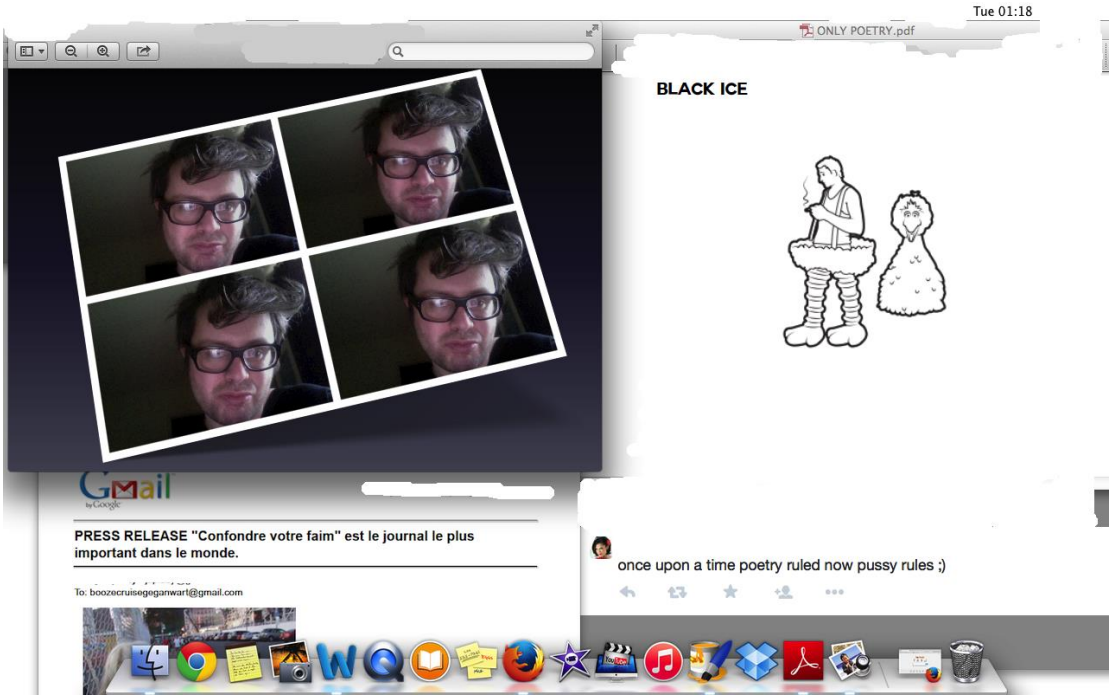


When I send you this glazed in a gmail.pdf like a twenty second century envois of what was sent by Bcc ("blind carbon copy") it's a bit like in J.Carrington Sellars' Chemistianity, A Poem; also an Oratorical Verse on Each Known Chemical Element in the Universe, Giving Description, Properties, Sources, Preparation, and Chief Uses, published by the author in 1873, not quite 2015, where there is talk of "carbon" as life's chief tenement, an abundant, allotropic metalloid; found in nature pure and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once upon a time poetry ruled now pussy rules ;)

100%

crystallized in two distinct and very different forms; transparent—as diamond—and then as Graphite (Plumbago), and, in an Amorphous state (Non-crystallized) briefly—as Mineral Charcoal. Also Carbon is Life's choice structural element In the vegetable and animal worlds; and in Peat, Coal-Beds, Anthracite, and Shale. Crystallized Carbon—as Diamond, a gem so greatly prized forever, and of high refractive power; Diamonds are found of various hues Snow-white (known as the "first water"), rose-red, Prussian blue, yellow, brown, and also black. The Diamond is the hardest substance known, its crystals are octohedral, and are found detached, embedded in gravel or drift material, through Brazil, Borneo, India, and Cape. "Arranged for Familiar or Memory Reading," that annagramatizes chemistry and christianity, all the c's here, cc and bcc, predates the birth of email but pre-empts and predestines the climate of blind carbon copy in the classic Arpa schedule RFC 733, the "Standard for the format of ARPA network text messages", written November 1977. Is that when carbon pops? How Greek is émail? Who did I miss out or con-fuse when I sent the original email, the big pop, called by a c, confuse your electronic signal? Burn this email....

Lil B has a song called I Can't Stop as well cus it's a based world. Is Lil B a mole that will not come back from the beyond? Ray Tomlinson did not invent email, he just used SNDMSG. The first one was sent between two computers that were actually sitting besides each other, like I wrote you even when I kissed your eyes. the ARPANET network was used as the connection between The first email message was "QWERTYUIOP". mostly because it seemed kool. Really it was Ayyadurai or rather Aristotle. Do you know the brail for the @sign? Do you get email for blind people? Apparently monks liked the @sign too, an inverted 6 or something, like a 369 of confused remote carbon. Anyway what time is it now, what century, when you send this to who@digitalia?

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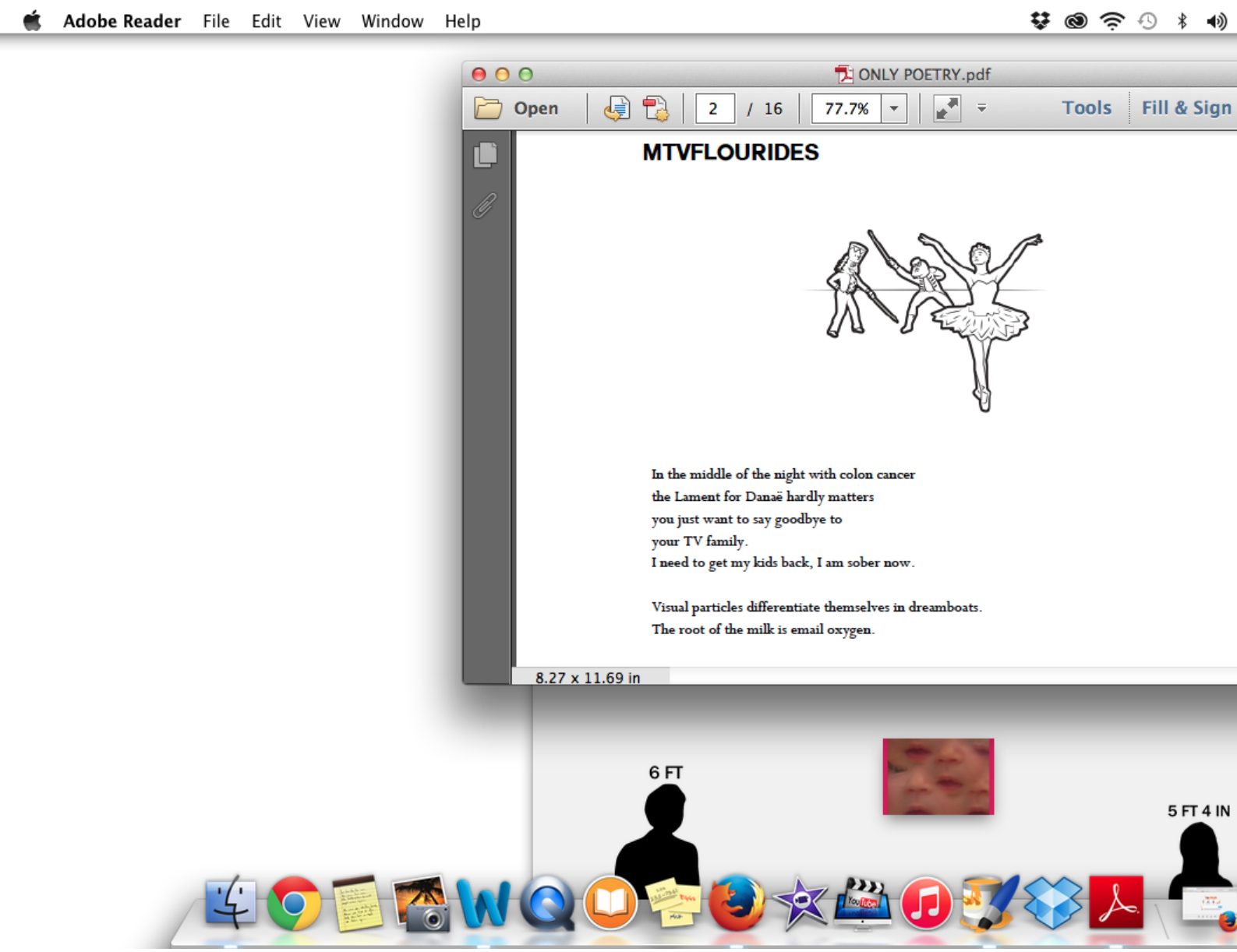
ประกาศ!! Litte
www.plakard.com - 135
Litter Box Carbon ถุงดูด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In the middle of the night with colon cancer
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your TV family.
I need to get my kids back, I am sober now.
Visual particles differentiate themselves in dreamboats.
The root of the milk is email oxygen.
8.27 x 11.69 in
6 FT
5 FT 4 IN

which winnows on the windows
of snow.
Truth-glissade down the sky. I forgot that it was
only important

- German: *Kohl* = coal, and *Stoff* = material.
- Dutch: *kool* = coal, and *stof* = material.
- Czech: *uhel* = coal.
- Greek: Anqrax [anthrax] = charcoal
- Finnish: *puuhiili* = charcoal
- Lithuanian: *anglis* = coal

it meant there would be no pre-carbon, no pre-email, and no way back behind the carbon diamonds of and everything confused from the start. Who won't I send this to this twenty third century envois apparently the internet will float in space as signals for millennia after we have gone all the carbon burned up and just a radio signal of this Bcc sending itself, self-differentiating like an immortal jellyfish? Do you correct your emails? I'm not very good at it, I write quickly, fire the blind cinder copy turning a mimesis frisbee tiny bang. If we are anyone we are the blind carbon copy liberation front, believing in "the tribe of moles who will not come back from beyond", blinking. Thank you based god, none of us can stop If you want to understand just listen to this, where carbon ops

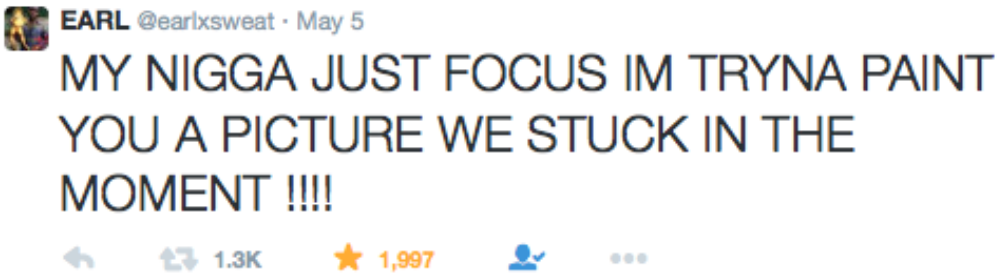
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LrUvu1mlWco

The end of the world is like, well, you know, it's like an asteroid,
it just, like, rarely happens, I think, to anyone, most of the time.

Nothing's gonna change my world.

The problem with the world is that it just does not end it doesn't end it doesn't, for real.

It's time to bite the hand that haunts our food.



be understood, and be oriented to truth and wisdom. What, Deleuze asks, if we could imagine thought without an image? What if thinking could occur as though, let us imagine, humans did not exist, as though this world of ours with our future were not a self-evident value? This may seem insanely abstract but nothing could be more pertinent for the present. 'We' are, after all, living in a present that is at once intensely self-destructive (terrorism, climate change, resource depletion, economic pillage) and intensely self-loving (for our overwhelming question appears to be how 'we' might survive or adapt, as though

FEU LA CENDRE

Every night when you listen to the white noise app you hear the big bang echo through wormholes open to business right now. Its luster drips with dayless sparks. In the seed of your relaxed voice the cinder finally fires into the heart of the lily. Malkina is doing nothing but describe wormholes, how their open and shut cases are dead certs. I listen to “Shanzhai” Ft. Helen Fang and put my feet up. I write on the steering wheel as we cross the Tappen Zee Bridge. I am scared like a dead word in the womb and touch your hair through the window of the spaceship as it creaks through the velveteen slats. Spending time in the pink air the nightless speck slopes into foam. Quiet mouths lapse through sinkholes. I read Sarah and wept. We wake up at the other side of the wormhole, free of that universe, loitering in this. Drenched in thunder we go over Manhattan Bridge on a spree, enacting the last mimetic fold. I know who you are now, brushed by faces on the tigress wall, and I want you more than to stop klimatförändringar. It starts to snow inside, clouds freeze. I reread your Tumblr since the signal is good. Out here, on our way back to earth to save ourselves, we know how to think, it all makes better sense. Drones take off like parts of nature. Here is a translation: living will not mean wasting your time but that you learned quantum feeling by way of the near or distant mouth of the maskhål. If we do not make our way through this wormhole, life will go on without us.

AS CLIMATE CHANGES I AM STILL IN LOVE WITH YOU

As climate changes I order a salad. As climate changes I am still in love with you. We are all telling ourselves a story and that day mine climate changed forever. Climate changes and Jennifer Lawrence wears a hot Emilio Pucci crop top. From now on the economic climate is changing fundamentally, the forecast for the coming year is good. Climate change changes nothing but social revolution changes nothing about climate change. Climate change has always changed everything through all times in history but the people's climate march guarantees climate catastrophe. I love the way you die. I just want to eat chocolate with you and fuck up the planet. I think I am subconsciously in love with Jennifer Lawrence being in love with Chris Martin. I think I am subconsciously in love with you. The term "green" in reference to something called "the environment" is officially dead because of the existence of money. I am naming my son Edge Gridmark and releasing him into the wild with only a MacBook Pro. On my Nokia Phone at 01:16 am on Monday 22 September 2014 I can see that somebody has written "CLIMATE CHANGE" in capital letters on Facebook. In three minutes it is gone. I have been trying to change but climate change won't change. My poetry proves nothing except climate change changes nothing and nothing changes everything except climate change. Climate changes and we fail to change our fundamental relation to the conditions of life which underpin the social totalities that take priority by default. All art is the passive sadism of a mimetic order of cognition whose working guarantees a total triage and disappearance of multiple species. As climate changes I order a salad. As climate changes I am still in love with you.

I want to find a site I cannot get back from. In the everyday wormhole you never kiss the same mouth twice. We created the wormhole we thought "they" had put there and sent ourselves back to ourselves like an impossible emission. It was black, vaginal, sparkly, had a floor, made the spacecraft creak, had to be entered from the side, like a rainbow in cutting liquid. Truly unending original virginity in the wormhole. She cries when she sees the tiny hands moving because she knows the ghost was actually him. Love is the avatar that allows Cooper to tap through the shelves of a library using a watch. From the film's pov we are already in the wormhole which we created out of love to save us. For example, specific human love opens the wormhole that can save the species meaning the object is entirely human in origin.

The perfectly provisional release from memorized action through the recursion of a revolutionary blur. Indestructible good fortune is singled out in each here-and-now of the pure feed. Each aspect of the feed sings its own favourite song. The solution to everything, everyone, everyday, and now, is the same daily reemphasising of the pure feed like sky in sky, light in light, defecation in defecation. Love in the pure feed pervades everyone and everything, equally and evenly, without any special effort needed. It matters little what the sound, sign or image is: the ever-clarity of the pure feed is the spontaneous presence of skylike über-life. It is only from this sky-like perspective that actions can be understood and dealt with appropriately. The pure feed is one simple phrase for this simple state that art points to without attaining. The pure feed open-heartededly outshines all descriptions and all systems of karma and blame.

4:25 / 4:29

FRED MOTEN'S VOICE

TRAILER REDUX

> I'm influenced by the great liars of the world and I love mispronunciation. Anyone who can't help but deviate can pretty much tell me anything. Childish forms of hesitancy help me get in the mood. Like when they know the answer before they ask for it and the anticipation makes them answer their own questions against their will and their resistance to themselves offers a little sound, a little buzz with a laugh on the end of it, for the celebration.
>
> Fred Moten

To speak of a letter, then, the letter "a," and "an," and "ana," and the claim of the anthropocene. The "anthropocene" is of course not just a word and a set of vocables but a concept and, as with any concept, it is open to historical vicissitudes. Speaking of erosion as it does, the term itself may be eroded and quickly. This is already happening in the social-mediatic YOLO bubble where it is as if the term is either already too jaded to be of use or so close to the bone and aporetically hot (sometimes to the extent that it is hard to certify with culture) as to be capable of ruining a creative trajectory (cultural capital, "online presence") through its persistence. The art perhaps demanded now—art only and constantly about this—would risk being vanilla art, and so perhaps not art at all, losing the space art needs to vibrate across itself towards an absolute politics simultaneously swinging into view. One temporary fate of the anthropocene is that it be eaten up in meme-space, mistaken inevitably (this will happen again and again) for a mere meme, just another contender, to be missed, tabooed, mock-cajoled, updated, doubly forgotten, repressed. The contemporary s/o for "any memes" or "any parties" would be both the perfect submergence point of anthropocenic consciousness—release from and capture of its claim, blazing fun—and its catastrophic horizonless denial and joyless rescind. The term may coincide with other names, go under them, be confused with them, be submerged or adjacent—but nothing can *not* return us to the fact that the anthropocence now raids transcendental sense from within and out; nothing except, perhaps, an intervening and interventing wormhole-wordhole that attacks historical letteration in all directions at once.

In an article called "Art, the Anthropocene and the iPhone 3G" about the artist Erik Wysocan, Rory Rowan writes of how it is "perhaps fitting that the ubiquitous Apple infused aesthetics of 'post-internet art' are trending on the art world's Richter scale (Contemporary Art Daily, e-flux, etc) with almost synchronised frequency and intensity as the concept of the Anthropocene." Coincidence of Anthropocene's rise as a meme and the predominance of the zoomed-in iPhone aesthetic lite on content ("content with content" Harry Burke says on Twitter, in post-critical iPop slide mode)

and matching Anthropocene's stormy claim with escapolgist suavamente water-logged assurance. The danger here, to be stressed across and away, is that this concept, which could easily be shown to be not one, become what Rowan calls a "curatorial meme employed to add a dash of deep time drama and geological grandeur" to #our art and praxis. Take *Interstellar* (Christopher Nolan, 2014) for example. The film seems to start off with painfully aporetic scenes of future austerity on earth (the glimpse of a *literal* anthropocene cinema) only to launch into space and blur out that original issue with a flurry of molecular love ("love is the avatar"). The risk, that *it* gets lost in deep space-time drama or the biometric turnover of meme-space or the apophatic materialism of popular leftist riffs, is, and here is the thing, not just accidental but essential and to be expected from the start. The term would seem to mark just that passing through, and crossing over of itself, a self-eclipse it engineered and named. Only when you get through the wormhole do you know how to forget what you left behind, but by then it's too late. If you don't go through, you don't go though. If you go though, you'll never get back.

oy my fucking god right?

This Adobe .pdf is dedicated to Tom Cohen, Fred Moten, Wendy Lotterman, and you, and is partly about the *ana-tentacular hypothesis*. By this I mean the preposition or prefix "ana," and the tentacle-like implosion and multivalent pandirectionality (up, back, towards, against, each) of its preletteral vocables ("a," "an," "na," "ana"). Latent here is Baudrillard's sense of the anagram and in particular what he calls, in his chapter "THE EXTERMINATION OF THE NAME OF GOD" in *Theory, Culture and Society*: *Symbolic Exchange and Death,* "this extremely precise labor of annagramatical resolution." Baudrillard calls the anagram a "hypothesis," one "more radical than Marx's or Freud's, whose interpretations are censored by precisely their imperialism." The "ana" here is specifically Fred Moten's "ana," which is already there in anagramese as cardinal ana-gram, as the trunk and pre-fix of the peculiar poetic quality which Baudrillard says may always "shatter the fundamental laws of the human word": the anagram, antigram, or even the ANATHEMA. I will pair Moten with his near anagrammatic namesake, Tom Cohen, whose own work makes an early and perhaps key reference to Baudrillard's chapter. In his first book, *Anti-Mimesis from Plato to Hitchcock*, and in a chapter on Bartelby, Cohen notes that "aside from an underdeveloped strain in Lacan and studies in cryptonomy derived from Abraham and Torok, we find little encouragement to letteral reading." Cohen makes several bravura letteral or what he will call pre-letteral readings in the book, for example of Plato's *Protagoras*, and already here as well just after this rare reference to Baudrillard, he brings in de Man and his reading of Starobinksi's *Les mots sous les mots: les annagrammes de Ferdinand Saussure*, and the stochastic *hypographein* or hypogramme, which also indicates a face effaced, the devastating defacement-effect of the late anthropocene as apostrophe and its beyond.

Chris Ofili, *Annunciation* (2006)

Jean Genet's 1958 play *The Blacks* begins by posing a question: "One evening an actor asked me to write a play for an all-black cast. But what exactly is a black? First of all, what's his color?" This is Genet speaking, as a white man, with the language of his time, and before his experience in America with the Black Panthers. Yet his question, I would venture, is not just Franco-philosophical and white, a descendant in a long line of white onto-theological mythology, but pertinent. Since racism seems at least in part a matter of blindness and occlusion, as if our vision were itself *colored*, do we really know what color we are? When Genet writes later on, during his experience with the Panthers, that we must all "learn to betray the whites we are," he will add that the "whitest of whites is, for the moment, a dead white." He himself experienced a necessary suspension of his white privileges while with the Panthers, he felt the thick sparkle of his own white mythology wither and this seems to have lead, however fortuitously, to then living among the Palestinians. For this period Genet was no longer a writer or a poet but a listener and a watcher, a sort of patient ethnographer of his (our) own necessary demise. If we take this white mythology to be essentially a white anthropocenic mythology (*anthropos* as Greek, white, European and male), Genet might, close to the ground in the Palestine refugee camps in Jordan, be envisaged as a sort of sacrilegious and tender annotator of his own race's extinction. He will have listened to this discreetly, with his ear to the ground sheet, and will have described how he "greeted the revolt as a musical ear recognizes a right note": his writing becomes milky, suffused with the galactic; he left his tent at night "and slept under the trees, looking up at a Milky Way that seemed quite close through the branches." In "Toxic Assets, de Man's remains and the ecocatastrophic imaginary (an American fable)," Cohen writes of a dream, a certain "aberrant dream" in which, to paraphrase, it might be expected that in entering the era of hyper-accelerating meta-extinction, we would, all of us, perhaps especially those who are white and liberal and enjoy intellectual and artistic privilege, be expected to give something up, make sacrifices, of wealth for example, but also perhaps primarily of the types of cultural capital secured by artistic sociality and tenure: "everyone must *give up*." We might say that what Genet was enacting among the Palestinians, and what lead Derrida to say that he was the only writer who scared him, was this *giving up*: the implied all-out risk of artistic legacy and credit. *Prisoner of Love*, the book which resulted from his experiences with Palestinian soldiers, interlaces detailed descriptions of the Jordanian camps with passages on the Panthers. Genet was living and writing about the relations of differently threatened races, long before what we now call "intersectionality."

The Blacks constitutes a rigorously facetious series of variations on the theme of color, or on what Derrida once called "the color of writing." The play opens with "black velvet curtains" and the appearance of a sort of mock-sovereign or royal court made up of "PoC" or "persons of color," to use a

current appellation, and a catafalque "covered with a white cloth." The court is on a platform and then down on the lower stage are "four Negroes" and "four negresses," dancing around the catafalque to the quintessentially white Mozart. "The blacks," as Genet's title calls them, as if to pose the question as nakedly and with as much self-implication as he can, are here cornered by white mythology from the start. The structural violence is not primarily that of the cops, for example, though they will surface later on, but that of the stage setting itself, the catafalque, the presence of "classical" music, the *mise-en-scène* of racial anthropocene capital, the claustrophobia of colors: there are also roses, irises, gladiolas and arum lilies on the catafalque. "The blacks" are in effect already inverted, with a sort of deep cheekiness that is not absurd or disrespectful precisely because it is that of the world, into being the standing judges and monarchs of their own scene. They too are caught up in whiteness, in white mythology, not just as victims but as carriers. Genet simply multiplies the strokes from there. The members of the sovereign body are all masked "negroes" wearing "white masks," for example, forcing their nature to be doubly enclosed, and the whiteness of white to be even more deeply questioned. The "negroes," among them a character called "Snow" who eats the many colors of the flowers only to spit them out, are there, we are told, to attend their own suicide. A speech is made to let us (the essentially white and so fractally complicit audience) know that they know, that they know what they are here for. This race ("us") is here for its own funeral rites. Snow accuses the character Village of being a "regular cop" since he lectures her. And then Archibald announces that "the tragedy will lie in the color black." And then a little further on Village comments that "in the darkness she must have taken us for policemen," and the play becomes more and more about a stalled re-enactment of a crime. Archibald says, "By stretching language we'll distort it sufficiently to wrap ourselves in it and hide, whereas the masters contract it." And so on. Genet's variations here are so enwrapped that we might choose to merely read and listen.

One way of beginning to understand Moten might be to locate his use of the term "blackness" in the enlightened shadow of Genet's *stretched* language. Perhaps especially in his essay, "Blackness and Nothingness (Mysticism in the Flesh)," and its highly nuanced engagement with the work of Frank B. Wilderson III and Jared Sexton, Moten's writing refuses to either simply accept or reject that the tragedy lies in the coloration of blackness. His sense of "blackness" seems to denote both something exclusive to those he calls "my people" and also a hyposcriptive tendency that opens up different critical powers not just restricted to what is today called "anti-racism." Moten names "blackness" as a beyond of categorization, anagrammatically calling it up beyond Marx and Freud, and disbanding Fanon's contention that black people have no ontological status via a "para-ontological" distinction (borrowed from Nahum Dimitri Chandler) between "black people" and "blackness" itself. My contention is that Moten is, as well as so much else, and together with

Cohen, one of the most urgent anthropocene thinkers in the world, and precisely insofar as he like Cohen is aware of the anthropocene's colored *mise-en-scène*. If the signature vocable of Moten's writing is "ana," or "an," or even simply "a," a letter not found in his name as far as I can tell, one consequence is that he has already signed the dying life of the anthropocene (itself defined in advance by its own eclipse, which does not mean the term goes away), replaced it with other drives, the freedom drive of another people, beyond *demos* perhaps, anamorphically written in here in the foreground as what I will call for now the *ana-anthropcenic*. This could be part of what he means by the extraordinary counter-rendition of the opposite of inversion he calls "black op" (playing, dangerously, with the military jargon for a disavowed mission).[1] The white peril and mythology of the anthropocene (defined by Cohen in recent work as an essentially Euro-centric and Greek affair) is *interrupted* by what must have been unknown by and to it all along, the claim of an ana-figurative "blackness" which Moten will be sure to say is available to everyone and anyone and not just to the "black people" who are still primarily in this case (and certainly, as Moten will say, in Duke Ellington's case) "the people."[2] It is this *interruption* that I try to see in Chris Ofili's *Annunciation* (2006), where the two angelic figures are often assumed to be fucking even though one is pregnant. In the more explicitly intersexual terms of the second version of the sculpture, they may instead by holding each other in the partial hyperbaton of a standing "69."

Another perhaps more oblique way into this .pdf-warren is to see it as a reading of *Lost in Translation* (Sofia Coppola, 2003), or of the title of Drake's most recent mixtape, or of the moment in the Prynne's *Al-Dente* where he writes, "Who can say give over":

> Who can say give over, the night arriving as
> it will by cloud cover, as often so needed
> for a visage. Expression held in for in half
> promise flooded over, no sun so shone more
> to fill, find out now for staff simple to see.

[1] The more-than-inversion here is going against the times and being anti-gone enough to announce a new type of op, or optimism, in the essay "Black Op": "The general insistence that we don't mind leaving here is inseparable from the fact that it's all right. Black optimism persists in thinking that we have what we need, that we can get there from here, that there's nothing wrong with us or even, in this regard, with here, even as it also bears an obsession with why it is that difference calls the same, that resistance calls regulative power, into existence, thereby securing the simultaneously vicious and vacant enmity that characterizes here and now, forming and deforming us. However much trouble stays in mind and, therefore, in the light of a certain interest that the ones who are without interests have in making as much trouble as possible, there is cause for optimism as long as there is a need for optimism. Cause and need converge in the bent school or marginal church in which we gather together."

[2] See "Black Op" again: "Ultimately, the para-ontological force that is transmitted in the long chain of life and death performances that are the concern of black studies is horribly misunderstood if it is understood as exclusive. Everyone whom blackness claims, which is to say everyone, can claim blackness. That claim is neither the first nor last anticipatory reorientation but is, rather, an irreducible element of the differentially repeating plane that intercepts and animates the comparativist sphere." And yet there is no assurance in that claim, no policy as such, no police as we think we understand them.

The delicate fractal lattice of crossed-sense is from the end of the second poem in the book, called "Truth." Prynne's small gathering of eight poems returns almost obsessively to glimpsed notions of what it might mean to cross over: "cross-over," "steal across," "push over," "walk over," "for do to give over why," "assist ever for over please did explode," "on over / ours by still water so to rent," "hand over mine," "once over," "least overt," and in the passage just cited, "by cloud cover," "promise flooded over," and then perhaps most intriguingly of all, "give over," and later on in the book, "esteem frankly to give / over and across this." Who can say "give over," Prynne doesn't quite ask? This phrase ("give over" or "give / over") is, as far as I know, an exclusively English and regional (probably northern) colloquialism roughly taken to mean "stop that" or "leave it be" or "leave me be" or "don't be silly," and is taken to mean these things fondly, with affection. The phrase is, in fact, softly funny, or maybe even an example of slight working class camp; a daft and camp slight mistranslation of the more abrasively modern "fuck that." In their granular attention to these different "overs," certain moments in *Al-Dente* might be said to be about what it means to go or explode down or through ("come through it is / the first cause, this now into continuance / saying your first proverb by mouth open previous"), or be translated to the far mouth (now closed: "by mouth open previous") of a prosodic wormhole. A mouth can also of course swallow, or swallow down its throat, *an-avaler*; the whole thing shrunk down, as Prynne says on the first page of his *Poems*, "The whole thing it is, the difficult / matter to shrink the confines / down." We like to be swallowed and to swallow, to gulp down, consume, devour, eat up, put away, gobble up, bolt down, go down (which is another way in German of saying translate and go over, cross over, be inverted, get lost in translation, *Ubersetzung*), wolf down also, stuff down, gorge oneself on, feast on, polish off, go on, carry on, carry on in carrion, *basta*, pasta, the whole matter "more to fill," to the teeth and brim. Give over. Give / over, Prynne says across the time-space blur of a line-break. Give the fuck over, Drake might translate. Now shut up. Paul de Man says pretty much the same when he comments that translation "differs, is unlike, the poet and the artist in a radical way [sic]." When Drake thought up his mixtape title, *If Youre Reading This Its Too Late*, scrawling it in a simple white square, what was he thinking? Apparently he didn't have in mind the ecocidal template of language, what Cohen calls "the literary structure of climate change," but how to escape his record contract. In an article by Lindsey Weber and Dee Docket called "Did Drake Release *If You're Reading This It's Too Late* to Get Out of His Cash Money Contract?," they say "it's kind of a threat: *If you're reading this album cover, it's too late. I've already gotten out of your stupid contract. I win and you lose."*

When Alan Rusbridger wrote his climate change editorial for the *Guardian* in March 2015, he became an icon for a certain cognitive translation now in the offing and misunderstood if considered exclusive. Perhaps the

most well-known recent academic example of this kind of translation is Dipesh Chakrabarty's "The Climate of History: Four Theses," which marks a kind of crossing-over from the specialism of a committed post-colonialism predicated on a sense of "social justice," to a different sense of scene, the anthropocene, where history can no longer be viewed just in terms of specific woundologies, progressivism, Marxian promise, racism, sexism, colonial violence, and so on. If this conversion can happen to a respected warden of post-colonial studies, who might it not touch in the humanities? Who else can get across this? Who can say cross over into a con-fusion of their own cognitive appetite. If the *anthropos* in the term "anthropocene" is useful now, it is as a contraction of and telegraphase for these other more localizable crises: *anthropos* is, in a sense, uber-cis; it is by definition exclusive, male, white, racist, violent, segregationist, and occlusively Americo-European. The question of blackness as hyposcript shakes the cishet anthropocene open, leaving carbonic normcore askew, and so causes further folds. As faux-cheap-oil inundates the world as a veil of unthought "blackness" and "black matter" at the exact same moment as we question racist vision and white blindness, and affirm that black lives matter, how do we know how short sighted we still are or what "blackness" even means beyond a white mythology that even Kanye's *Black Skinhead* live on *Le Grand Journal* might be glooped in? Who can *fully* say what racist vision might now be? At such a moment maybe it is sociologically difficult to ask this type of question. Indict the cop. Full stop. But asking such questions breaches a different type of decorum, not its lack, and a necessary and wily pushing against the assumption of boundless holocenic time in which we attend to individual matters in a meanwhile that is meanwhile shrinking. Writing in 1994 in *Anti-Mimesis, From Plato to Hitchcock*, Cohen meticulously explores the question of "black figuration" in the American, William Faulkner. He comments that "Faulkner's treatment of black figuration has yet to be traced." One of the risks Cohen identifies early on is of a sort of offence to political expediency. Why ask such apparently abstract questions when I could be writing more about immediate offences? He writes: "Because the issue of black experience and slavery is one with considerable political and historical pathos, it is less often asked where black figuration serves roles outside of historical reference, or where it may exceed and even actively revise the representational order within [Faulkner's] writing." It is precisely this ability of what Moten calls "blackness" to revise and interrupt mimetological programs, inside as well as outside historical reference, that I am interested in, and that I think can be found throughout Moten's writing. It is here too I feel, at this x-point, that the force of Moten's writing becomes hyper-anthropocenic, and that his voice registers an almost unbearable tension between black theory as theory itself and a kind of white ecocidal remainder. In his recent apostrophe to Kenneth Goldsmith, Moten fundamentally connects what he calls the "raciality of the concept, as such" with the future survival of the earth, not just as an off-hand gesture of intersectionality, but as

an intrinsic part of what makes it humanly possible for someone (in this case a white man) to have "fucked up" in 2015 in their aesthetic and personal choices. Similarly, in a recent talk given at UC Berkely on "Blackness and Poetry," Moten speaks of moving beyond or questioning "a certain delineation of the people" (to which he is still committed), precisely because that delineation "over against every other thing that constitutes part of the general eco-system is problematic in ways that ultimately already bear the force or anticipate what's problematic in sovereignty." In the same talk he also comments on how the best way to understand the horrific history of slavery might now be as "an ecological disaster, a disaster that falls upon the earth, and that it is absolutely impossible to understand or calculate that disaster if it is understood or thought about as a series of personal injuries." This questioning and opening out of *demos* to something more important than people as what might concern us now *as people*, can of course be hard to stomach or swallow, *al dente* to the teeth. It can feel confusing. It may even read off initially as an over-confusion which in returning inevitably to normal human concerns is meant to stay there. It might also be possible to interrogate the forms of indisposition that we conjure to avoid confronting what we allow ourselves to believe are problems too vast and intractable to be rewarding to grapple with.

The aim here is not to turn against, move beyond or repudiate the term "anthropocene," or simply to add to or endorse the list of prefix-cognates which now live nearby—sino-anthropocene, cine-anthropocene, hyper-anthropocene, misanthropocene, corporatocene, capitalocene, sustainocene, chthulucene, neganthropocene, and so on. One might argue that we don't need the term "anthropocene" at all, that through the license of literary implication or metaphoric wittiness it comes through even better, with more reserve, as an "it" or as the theatrics and scenography of an elision (scene, crime scene, stage, stadium, or far more oblique). The word's absence may also do nothing more than alert the reader to it even more so, placing the psychic work elsewhere; the paradoxical effect of a use of discretion for an open secret. The turn here, if there is one, is within the letters of the word "anthropocene" itself, showing it itself as repudiation (for example of itself), it itself as ana-accusative. It accuses me; I don't get away from or with it, whatever I now do. To blow open what the issue of "climate change" itself means, I rely on a plastic definition from the writings of Claire Colebrook and Tom Cohen. What they call "critical climate change" or what we could even call "critical language change" might indicate not just the relatively small sector of "global warming" or "ecology" or "environmentalism," but climate wars, resource finitude and depredation, the Pacific Gyre, accelerating species extinction (including possibly our own), austerity aporiae, environmental racism, geo(n)ocide, unofficial "population culling," the occlusion of the ecological under the economic, the fetish of local and identity politics as a repression of conditions of life, a politics of something more urgent than

people as something that might now be more important to people, the literary structure of climate change, cultural capital as occlusion, the toxicity of meaning itself, climate change comedy, the addiction to reference, aesthetic relapse, new shipping routes through the Arctic, Canvey Island flood depth velocity case studies, and so on—the whole fractal set in fact, in which case "climate change" becomes a sort of euphemistic non-name for something more urgent than urgency itself: the also dubious demand of a certain journalistic "today." In one sense, "climate change" begins to name a new type and experience of *everything* in thought, art, life and politics. It makes possible the experience of a type of thinking attentive to different everythings and everyones, a non-hierarchical understanding of *cosmos*, and a sense that everything and everyone might be collectively and individually accountable. Accountable, and not culpable or guilty. Complicity and accountability might be usefully distinguished here from guilt and karma. Astir now is a move beyond or before the remit of technique and profession, and into a different semioliquidity, into drafts and rushes, and into what Sarah Wood calls "an experience of necessity that opens beyond the university, towards the necessity of thinking everything in relation to the global future on a finite earth." If you're reading this it's too late. And yet if you're not reading or thinking this, we might already be gone.

> Ana. Prefix: ana-; prefix: an-; from Greek ἀνα- (*ana*-), "up to, toward, exceedingly, back, against," from ana "up, on, upon, throughout, again," cognate with Old English "on," from PIE root "ano," "on, upon, above;" also "apiece," "each."
>
> The Internet

> What emerges in the desire that constitutes a certain proximity to that thought is not (just) that blackness is ontologically prior to the logistic and regulative power that is supposed to have brought it into existence but that blackness is prior to ontology; or, in a slight variation of what Chandler would say, blackness is the anoriginal displacement of ontology, that it is ontology's anti- and ante-foundation, ontology's underground, the irreparable disturbance of ontology's time and space.
>
> Moten

> This is about the anoriginary force of tumultuous derangement, a generative sociopoesis given in and as everyday sensuality.
>
> Moten

> . . . ana-originary vulnerability . . .
>
> Moten

In a Tweet from 20 December 2013, Jackie Wang writes, "Reading Fred Moten again and again and again and again for his strange poetics of negation's exhausting abundance and terrible splendor." We find voices through other voices, and I found Fred Moten's through Jackie Wang's. Jackie gave a reading in the Zinc Bar on the last night of my first visit to New York, performing an incantation of Kafka's deathbed line as transmitted via Cixous, "lemonade everything was so infinite." I wept as she spoke. It shot straight through me and outside in the snow, anamorphically, there were words and cut flowers. The columnar feeling of the reading remained; perhaps even now. I wandered back some of the way to Brooklyn. I'd never seen snow like this, real New York City snow. Somewhere near Franklin Avenue I walked past what seemed to be a prison, several guys outside on the steps smoking. The snow was so thick the streets were reduced to almost silence, only the sound of the occasional very slow car. One car pulled up on a corner, a window was wound down and someone who seemed to be a family member shouted from a restaurant door to the driver. I suddenly reached a tree which, unlike all the others passed, had retained small brittle leaves way past fall into winter and, on that spot under the tree, I stood and could hear the snow actually emit a sound as flakes made metallic contact. It was the only sound, apart from that silent one, which the snow could manage. I stood there for a while, not as long as I might, with the columnar sensation merging with the leaves. I didn't want to go inside when I arrived, in off the street, but I knew that if I stayed out longer it would feel contrived, I would no longer be on my way, so I went in.

Moten, Wang says, is meant to be read not just again and again but again and again and again and again, in a four-four time that acts as embodied incantation and performance within ourselves, not just the line of prosody or art, the privileged place of poetry among the muses, but "every line," every sense, every futural, messy, slapstick and ana-perfected hapticality. We're ana-anthropocenic and we're on every line now. What are we going to do?

Snow was general all across New York that night, from ground zero to JFK, and yet there was still no sense that the place would lurch beyond the monumental amnesia it is. Jackie traveled from outside to give her incantation and then must have left. I left the next day, turning the snow black the night before, having been taught everything by New York I thought I might teach it. Snow is general, a universal becoming-ice, but a general strike in the name of the anthropocene would seem beyond belief. In "Bruno Latour, the Anthropocene, and the General Strike," William E. Connolly writes:

> Spiritual affinities, role radicalizations, enhanced knowledge about the Anthropocene, a precipitating event. Will it now become possible to mobilize a cross-country General Strike, pressing from both inside and outside international organizations, states, corporations, churches, political parties, unions, consumers, investors, and universities? The goal would be to defeat neoliberalilsm, to curtail climate change through radical changes in the energy grid and ethos of consumption, to reduce inequality, and to install a more vibrant pluralist spirituality into democratic machines that have lost touch with the vitality of being. It seems urgent today to project a time when it becomes possible to enact a nonviolent General Strike across several countries. Of course, such an action is improbable. It is an improbable necessity. It is essential to envision and support that possibility to speak to the urgent needs of the day.

However necessary that improbability is as improbable necessity, it remains improbable, at least as envisaged here. Yet it may be that a general strike may strike at other levels, at an ana-linguistic level, at the level of the war between cognitive tribes and factions. [3] This experiment in "ana" is already to be found in Moten's poetic thinking and thinking poetry, in his own vocables, and I want to say specifically in the quality of his voice, in something that its tenor holds and gives over, and so is owed to him, dedicated to him, even insofar as it finds its inspiration in him for hoping to know how to dedicate. "Ana," which I will try to allow to vibrate slightly above the surface of his work, where it is worked and worked on by him, will

[3] Cohen's work might be read in its variegated entirety as an account of present and coming wars of inscription. Perhaps the most compelling expression of this idea comes in his essay on Avital Ronell, "Roaming Discharges," confessed as a hypothesis: "I will risk a hypothesis: the war at issue [in Ronell's work] is over inscriptions from which perceptual programs and legibility are generated, and not this or that territorial or colonial skit—drug wars or desert storms, wars on terror or involving academic self-mutilations (for the greatest drug is the ordering of certain cognitive rituals, certain blinds) . . . The epistemo-political war that is at issue may be more decisive, if invisible, today then any mere war, because it condenses the historical labyrinth of the archive of the Book to the point of a non-question." A more recent expression of the same idea comes in "Report to China on the Anthropocene," a report actually delivered in China, where, after expressing the idea, as if adding to it, Cohen admits that "today we have gone down a kind of black hole, and I want so much as not to pull out of that as now pass through it if possible. We still hope it is a worm-hole, that deposits us in a different fold of time-space, [what he calls, as he returns to a Faulkner problematized throughout his work] a 'junctureless backloop of time's trepan.'" In the Ronell essay it is a matter of "race" and Faulkner and "black stuff and ooze." Cohen goes to work here recasting "race" as that "on which the 'house divided' is set or faulted, the entire histories of this agon of binarized being (who or what is the man, the human)," and does so while redefining what war might be (semiotic war). What would a "race war" be now, in this context, given what Moten calls "the raciality of the concept, as such"? What would a crackup at the anthropocene riots be now?

also go alongside what he calls “the experiment of the hold,” a sense of hold that might be distinguished by a milligram from “carry.” I will listen in for “a,” for “an,” but most of all perhaps for the doubling of “ana,” which contains an “an” and then an “a,” like a seeing double of what Moten’s recent beautiful lecture on Chris Ofili calls “the thing that lets you hear that supplemental elemental ‘a’ he [Mondrian] dropped from his last name, like a held or hidden note, letter pressed.” That multivalent omnidirectional prefix, “ana,” will be delineated from the vocable as it originally seems to have occurred in his work, “an,” and then came back, as if predicted by itself, in the lecture on Ofili for example, as “ana.” From “an” to “ana,” this is *for his* voice, his actual *voice* I mean, the voice you hear on the internet or in real life if you are there. It was this voice which held me, grateful for my elders and betters, and which I had to allow myself to be held in, to listen to, sometimes for hours at a time, on the floor, for the month or so before beginning to write this.

搞乱你的饥饿感

Play carefully.

J.H. Prynne

There is hope, and just for us.

Intern

An, Ana, A. 1968-2015.

There are at least two ways to go then, neither compatible nor incompatible with the other, each drawn in the other's silence like Bill and Scarlett's aphrodisian chastity in Shinjuku. One is that it's all over anyway, and that we are all totally (to give this term its proper and current multivalence) *fucked*; and the other is that the anthropocene is a cognitive demon and we are still hearbreakingly good, including the wretched. Between the two a car crash in which nothing hits.

I wanted to write on and for Fred Moten in the mood for love, or in the mood for "the sound of love," even if that love and sound are penultimately cross-wired over the dead body of an affirmation. In an amazing untitled paper given on Samuel Delaney in April last year, Moten reads Derrida together with Marx ("what Marx and then Derrida more emphatically it seems to me makes possible for us") in what feels like an unprecedented way. Apparently aware of all the current trapdoors that seem to go with this, Moten confesses at one point, breaking off from his text, that "we need to be talking about Derrida all the time, and Chip [Delaney] makes this okay. I hope it's okay." What Moten goes on to say here has to do with taste, and with matter (Marx) and desire (Freud) being "lost in translation" (he uses the phrase several times), "and if matter and desire are lost they're lost in translation in the crossing or setting over (*Uberzetsung*) that the bridge makes impossible, and possible, mother and father." The bridge Moten is concerned with is a musical one (he mentions James Brown and Cecil Taylor), and yet also something more unlocatable, a type of tiny phonic wormhole that seems to have gone missing sometime between 1968 (when Derrida delivered his "*Différance*" paper) and now, like a certain letter, a spelling mistake in someone's French, a letter whose materiality has come back to more than haunt #us, the *autos*, the *anthropos* itself:

> Phonic materiality is lost on and in that bridge but it is also phonographed there. How, where, to recover the phonic matter that is lost on and in the bridge, on and in *différance*. The sound of the "a" like the flesh of labor is lost in translation, lost in and on the bridge, lost by way of the dematerialisation of value, but it is not eliminated. I want to amplify the phonic substance, difference of *différance*, bridge, stammer, *Sprechstimme* . . .

What is perhaps impossible to capture here is the sound Moten makes breaking off this crucial flow, interrupting himself to then find a way, as if bashfully, to mention that "we need to be talking about Derrida all the time." We might suspect of course that we already are, even if we

refuse to believe it, and that this imbrication of Derrida and Marx the taboo of which Moten simply outs in a material analysis of his own, crediting but also distancing Lucian Goldman's suggestion in 1968 that *différance* was already in Marx anyway, is always the case now. Whatever Derrida did, he also allowed himself to make an error, the intentional typogram "a," in what became perhaps his most famous concept, launched originally of course as just one name (to be replaced) for the condition of concepts themselves. What happens when Moten is not only saying all the above, as if it were not a considerable amount already, but then breaks off to improvise something else, all of which can be heard on the archive at PennSound, from which I am transcribing? At the start of the talk Moten speaks of not being able to say "beyond the bounds of taste," how much he has tasted thanks to Delaney. What kind of hunger does this suggest, satisfied, and confusion therein, this taste that Moten ends up locating, unlocatably in the "a" of *différance,* this anagraphic writing beyond and through both Marx and Derrida (leaving that spat of idols behind, trailing like a bad dream), which allows to resonate something that makes the impossible difference? Wormhole hunger? Anyone hungry? I hope it's okay.[4]

I've tasted the soup, Moten says, breaking off again, speaking around Delaney, and it's hard not to believe him. It's hard not to believe Fred Moten when he talks about *the soup*. Moten asks for permission to speak of Derrida here, but really does not. Why is the letter "a" in this case a kind of arche-taboo, the source of stutter breaking off and Paul Crutzen's own now epochal "blurt," and why is the joint of Marx and Derrida taken to be an affront, these two white guardians of exchange now reeling back from a twenty second century in which we perhaps are not to be found, proleptically dissonant? If you knew that, would you have kept all this apart and unconfused for so long, and what makes you think anything depended on it? Is that all *différance* was, after all, everything, the principle of a material deconstruction of extinction's irreversibility? He comments, in this paper that does not seem to exist on paper, on the possibility of "a rematerialization and setting to work that *différance* awaits." Did even *différance* get a rude awakening, have another think coming? What is happening to that "a," lost perhaps now terminally in the wormhole of translation, the x-point of *Uberzetsung,* abridged like a fatherfucker in the different scene, the *différanthropocene* such that, it too, will require another name, at least for as long as we've now got? Cohen's "Report to China on the Anthropocene" zooms in-game here, an actual report to the Chinese in the country China on perhaps (to indulge a fantastically pregnant formulation) the only thing to have ever truly happened to us, our own intervention on ourselves, our own convinced erasure event. Cohen moves to the horizon, physically delocating New York (where he is based) to scout out what he has called the "sino-anthropocene," giving credit where credit is quite literally due, to the Chinese, or rather taking it (since that is what we Americans do), shifting out from Americo-Euro-centric hash tags, approaching the enabler himself, how unstupid is my attention now to the next *das ding*: China. A report, then, in which the desire is precisely not just to enter a black hole, but to be deposited on the other side of the wormhole (black hole and wormhole

[4] Purdey Lord Kreiden also read that night at the Zinc Bar, implosive and magical, an impossible cinema of reading. She wrote to me last night, saying the best translation for "confuse your hunger," since I asked, was "*trompez votre faim*." Wormhole your hunger. Wormhole *votre faim*.

both feature here, as if credited to each other, as if in each other, just as they are in *Interstellar*, where it took Jessica Chastain and Kip Thorne ages to make the blackboards look realistic). What will have been formerly known as big in China, big with China like a Chinese angel landing on the end of your bed in just another multiplex every day now. *Trompez votre faim en Chine.*

X-POINT #1

> In this light, other theoretical events, such as Saussure's anagrams and Mauss's gift-exchange, assume cardinal importance. In the long run, these hypotheses are more radical than Marx's or Freud's, whose interpretations are censored by precisely their imperialism. The anagrams or gift exchanges are not merely transitory phases within the disciplines of linguistics and anthropology, nor are they inferior forms compared to the vast machinations of the unconscious and the revolution. Here one predominant form emerges, from which Marxism and psychoanalysis, though they may not be aware of it, derive. This form is equally dismissive of political and libidinal economy, outlining instead a beyond of value, a beyond of the law, a beyond of repression and a beyond of the unconscious. This is taking place here and now.
>
> Baudrillard

In *In the Break* Moten brings Duke Ellington and Freud close together. They become bedfellows and yet Moten also gently allows Ellington to go where Freud can't, saying with his radically soft tentativeness that "Ellingtonian meaning swings in a way that Freud probably can't quite reach." Moten asks what drives Ellington, beyond Freud's theory of the drives, and then potentially beyond the death drive that now seems to have *bios* in addictogenic thrall. He wants to know how drive functions in Ellington, in close not quite opposition (what Moten sometimes calls "apposition") to Freud, and there where things get beyond category. I guess I don't fully know why I had to listen to Moten's voice; or rather I could give dozens of reasons and yet it remains beyond category. But laying on the floor and listening also feels like a crossing-over, a lost in translation translation, a sensuous interaction with what any white mythology that can inhabit a person of any supposed color can always fail to know.[5] Moten presents a manifestation of softness, a side-step of still too virile viral magic. Listening to him on Chris Ofili you relax into the lulls, and breaks, and interims, and then you get these patches of ana-improvisation, moments of thought wrought in a new softer outline gone beyond principle.

But what Moten seems to love is *ana*lytic precision. He loves it and holds to it first of all perhaps, and because it is impossible not to. It is impossible not to because his research in the adventure of black theory (theory itself, "seeing" as the most uncolored experience possible

[5] For a poetic thinking of translation as a radically proleptical crossing-over and *Übersetzung*, and to plant seeds for further work, we can look to Cohen who writes in "Polemos: 'I am at war with myself' or, Deconstruction™ in the Anthropocene?," "Rather than represent some blindspot or a repression—or some lack as if to be supplemented today—one might see here the riddle of a translation-effect held at bay and to be later released, that of being read by and from the anthropocene." Cohen's work can't be absorbed in anything like one glance but at stake here is a translation across time, as if current or past reticence around anthropocenic motifs, even in those who proclaim them, might be read, now, as if from the future swivel-point of *it*: drone reading; future dissidents; ana-translation. I'm interested in the anterior and the precedent and pre-letteration as it happens between Moten and Cohen, and also in the ways in which verse and reversal is questioned in both and posed beyond generic poetry or beyond what might even be called the poematocene. In Cohen's first book, *Anti Mimesis*, it will be a matter of wondering out loud: "So basic has been the figure of the beginning and the implications of its 'overthrow' or 'reversal' (*Umkehren* as opposed to *Ueberwinden*), that it is odd it has not been examined as essentially recuperative in nature." The effect of Cohen's work is to effectively translate or cross-over from a mere notion of reversal to a different scene, and not just necessarily the anthropocene. "What, in fact, is at stake in this reading [of Plato's *Protagoras*], we might say, is the overthrow of the entire trope and historical fiction of the overthrow, the overthrow of the overthrow, or that there was a paternal icon to overthrow that did not—in Plato—sustain itself in advance by abdicating that position dia-logically." Who can say cross-over? And does Bill say the letter "a"?

of "the raciality of the concept, as such") leads him to make a distinction, in fact to need to make a distinction that seems not to have been fully held to in tenderly optimistic modus operandi since for ever, as if his voice were put here not to make it but be it and open out its grant. That distinction is one held over and cared for from the work of Chandler, the para-ontological distinction between "blackness" and "black people." Moten loves those he writes on, and yet he wants, precisely, analytically, and with the full sensuality of weaponised anaglyphs in his reach, to hold to them even as he diverts a little, goes against them even, and in doing so bolsters not just his race, what he calls "my people," but the race in the race, what race might mean in general, para-ontologically, and who might survive there where we are too funny not to. Perhaps the best example of this is Moten's impossibly bountiful essay "Blackness and Nothingness (Mysticism in the Flesh)," and its highly complicated non-critical divergence from the work of Frank B. Wilderson III and Jared Sexton on what they call "Afro-Pessimism." I won't pretend to be anywhere other than at the start of reading this expressive analytic poem, about reading encounters and "nothing" and mystical flesh, but I will pretend to be able to pose some questions that may help me to read more, and begin to add, perhaps, a kind of minor ellipsis to Moten's own graphic.

The extreme torsion and urgency of this essay, published in 2013, seems to come partly from Moten's feel for what he owes to Wilderson and Sexton, his love for them, and then the seed of a disagreement with them which goes via that love and is already sewn in the impossibility of the pessimism they carefully and disbelievingly express. Perhaps what makes that more than a meta-point about readings and something more torrentially affective (I would say that reading the essay is ana-lytically affecting, immensely so; an ana-emo thing), or which means that reading itself can, uniquely perhaps, be this affecting, is precisely the extent of what is at stake in these readings, nothing less than what Moten will call "the hope that blackness bears or is the potential to end the world." The torsion seems just about locatable, perhaps even more so now than in 2013, in the fact that Moten wants to all but necessarily argue away, ana-lytically, from an Afro-Pessimistic devaluation of "black people" at the precise moment that optimism as an alternative even of the most qualified kind feels increasingly toxic not least because the objective availability of futurity may now be exhausted. The future itself may now proleptically and increasingly have no future upon which even a socially justified optimism could be projected, and yet we must (we tell ourselves) make that projection because the barbarous conditions of capitalism (and not the anthropocene, to run with a moot distinction for the moment) imposes more on *them* than on *us*, more on *you* than on *me*: the unforgivable historical hand dealt "black people." To risk an acceleration of this, "black experience" terminally interrupts the inescapable irreversibility of an extinction that makes the former's sole emphasis simultaneously a social imperative and offense. This would already seem part of Moten's twists and turns within the terms of Wilderson and Sexton. Moten will say for example that what he offers as "a clarification of Sexton's understanding of my relation to Afro-pessimism emerges from my sense of a kind of terminological dehiscence in Orlando Patterson's work that emerges in what I take to be his deep but unacknowledged affinity with and indebtedness to the work of Hannah Arendt, namely, with a distinction crucial to her work between the social and the political." One small aspect to be noticed there is the need for *reading*. The urgency of a question (whether tonalities of pessimism and optimism might now be possible) is relayed across multiple names and memes (Sexton, Patterson, Arendt, the social and the political), precisely, one might say, as what Cohen calls an act of polemological inscription. These fractally and convulsively loving reading acts are perhaps as close as we get

to the mystical flesh of a revolt. Hyposcriptural con-fusion would be the last line of defence. But if the only real die-in now is a reading, to what extent are "blackness" and "whiteness" of whatever kind indiscriminately undercut by a kind of ana-ontological thought of extinction? This troublesome question, especially for any outlier to the historical claim of "blackness," is the extent to which various claims may have to be adjusted in the face of other emergences (think again of Rusbridger, and Chakrabarty's conversion away from the post-colonial when faced by his own anthropocene moment). Maybe what I told myself (and I could have been wrong) when I heard Fred Moten's voice was that I could hear a softening adjustment to just this further difficulty of the x-point between various memes and extinction politics. If I risk focus on his voice, it is because in its enigmatic timbre it may be the sound of that, its phanophotography, this "writing that lets us know more than seeing lets us know because it makes us feel," and this feeling, Moten says, is not just about touch, but taste too. I felt I needed to stop and hear-eat-touch, just that, the delicacy that might approach something worse than death as a social quality finally, tearing it apart, and if I did lay down to listen, and I did, then I would have to get up at some point to write again. Maybe what I could hear, admitting all the risks of theoretico-juridical violence that go along with this, was the chance to speak of something unbearably asocial, and yet still with the hesitant tact of a child, hesitant enough to think they know the answer already, as practised by Moten so lovingly in care for the question of "nothingness" in the work of others, or for an "a" (which starts off or intermixes with his own "an" and "ana") that maybe went missing in 1968, found but then lost now on the other lip, a spelling mistake after all, in a velveteen wormhole in a movie, or for example in that tone of voice, uncapturable, when Moten seems to stop, as if melting into a pause, in his talk on "Blackness and Poetry," given for the Mixed Blood Project on March 18 2015, at UC Berkeley.

He stops and says: "It's moving pretty quick now, we might not make it . . ."

The internet is gone, I will carry you.

Chris Ofili, *Annunciation* (2006)

Do they not know we are at war? Is that what Moten asks? Let's try to catch up, mid-flow. What war is for Moten might be a phonic audacity, the unheard-of human and amazingly beautiful promise of an ana-improvising voice settling into its beat and beta-bed without always beating its chest. With Moten, sometimes, and online there where he might also be Lost in *Übersetzung*, or in a blackened khoratic avalanche of distant lore and love, it is also as if we are dealing with a new type of humanimal, or an animal effulgence of kryo-kinetic signs, an ice of undirected black snow, deep out of the pain of the hold, as if, as if suddenly evil never, nothing evil ever, happened again. To whom was that snow directed, with the flowers anamorphically glazed on the corner? To the "a," perhaps, which is always an anamorph, an aside, an Holbeinism, and so, maybe to the an-word we say so and too much, before and after this sacrilegious blizzard and end to evil happened. Perhaps we are not colour blind but snow blind, or even blind to what Moten's voice knows even as it knows it by not knowing it all.[6]

[6] Derrida's work was often and no doubt still sometimes misunderstood as something like a straightforward critique of what early writings will call the concept of life as the thought of an unaffected unity, the unity of auto-affection

What every line powers off, even the squiggles and giggles, is a type of holding we don't know about yet, which is to say a holding that's all we do know about but can't see.[7] He's into what he calls "this hard, serial information, this brutally beautiful medley of carceral intrication, this patterning of holds and what is held in the hold's phonic vicinity." The sound of love here becomes the sound of a hold. Or rather, and to propel the thing, the whole of the doom-template of Celan's tender German line, *Die Welt ist fort, ich muß dich tragen* [The world is gone, I must carry you], as varied as its variations through Derrida's many readings might be, here takes an ana-swerve, as if to say, with Moten, come on, get to the hard, the world was never gone, there is no need to carry you, or you me, let's get wild beyond that, into the wild beyond and into the hold's slow falling phonic vicinity and velocity and majesty. The whoosh of Moten's writing is its intrication, and its refusal to jealously guard or admire its own turns. Moten enters into a thinky black khoratic element which eschews any argument made or not made, whether of structural or genetic bias, and yet resists too Adorno's resistance of the concept, since to "be able to get rid of concept fetishism," as the negative dialectic partly aims, might just be a penultimate fetish and take us back to prosody without theory and lines, not "every line." Adorno also writes of what "would end the compulsive identification which the concept brings unless halted by such reflection." The compulsive return to the concept as Adorno defines it in *Negative Dialectics*, which is to say to the data-set of more usual thought and then the melancholy of the doom set it instills, is what is turned from in Moten's intrication, since the repetitious identification with sheer data and nothing beyond would always be the end of the world, an ending the "ana" is foreign to. To be borne away from data is to listen in this case, or to be in an audio-visual vicinity, as close to the world as you can get without giving up the concept and yet on the rim of doing so. I didn't carry you here, since you

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and self-relation, the unity that Derrida will go on to analyse as "the voice," and "hearing oneself speak," in other words. There might be a temptation, then, to pluralise my title to "Fred Moten's Voices," or to take a more openly self-imbricating and self-implicating stance with regard to what happens when one pretends to be able to *listen* to someone else's singular voice, Professor Fred Moten's in this case. I don't rest assured about what my own voice is doing here, what it takes away even as I convince myself I am giving and listening. We might note that the voice is, as Leonard Lawlor has shown in his book *Derrida and Husserl*, not simply the univocally dubious "metaphysical" element it can sometimes be conceived as in Derrida. Derrida never says for instance that he is *against* the voice in *Speech and Phenomena* or elsewhere. Indeed, in this text it is figured in very particular terms as an enigmatic response to the problem of how to think non-presence together with presence, not as the false claimant of just the latter. "The voice is richly and profoundly enigmatic in all that it here seems to answer," Derrida writes. If the human voice is problematic then, and calls for analysis insofar as it pretends to exclude other animophonetics, it also provides an enigmatic answer to that same problem. We speak, and the voice is *problema* and response, question and ana-answer. My feeling here bears on how "voice" perhaps registers the softening p*a*nic of an ultimate distress signal.

[7] Sometimes you hear Fred Moten giggle and it seems to make an impossible sonic difference; so every day, so unacademic. Where some academics perhaps remain a little locked in, Moten knows how to giggle. Perhaps what even incites his work, again as a type of experiment, is a principle of gelogenesis transphasing a certain eroto- or addictogenesis. Gelo- comes from the Greek for laugh, laughter and laughing, and so gelogenesis might instigate something like an endless wave of laughter in relation to the irreversible and undialectisable frown of the anthropocene, what Nietzsche calls at the start of *Gay Science*, citing Aeschylus, "*Wellen unzähligen Gelächters*," or "waves of uncountable laughter." A Greek word for what Harmony Korine once imagined as jokes without punchlines might be ζωή (zoe) itself, that Greek word split impossibly and hilariously between "life" and "lifetime": since the two words never coincide, life in a lifetime can never or only ever end. To live a lifetime in life under anthropocenic capital, we might say, is to live transcrygelotically, caught in a kind of double Bambi hop of giggles and tears. I die with and by laughter, frosted in giggles (gelo- also comes from the Latin *gelu*, meaning frost or chill). This might be the shift beginning to judder in Cohen's work too, from the serious death thrall of addictogenesis to what he has recently started to call "climate comedy," or rather from addictogenesis to its own inward ana-gelogenesis. I listened to Fred Moten's voice then, and I listened out for it; supine; a small fish in a small corner of England, a fortiori lol. I could make out the giggles, the waves of accountable giggles, and in the wonderful talk on Ofili, unless I was hearing myself say it or think, the "an" seemed to switch up to an "ana," and I laughed inside, pain-staked, at something more and more serious, the academic anthropocene. The *a*nthropocene repeats itself, first as tragedy, then as farce.

gone, you been and gone, and so don't carry you here, since the world is not gone in the imprecation of intrication, and yet I do hold, or rather there are holds we can be part of in the ana-predispositions, the good or not bad hold that the still all too dialectical tennis match of inifinity rhetoric and mediation seems to miss.[8] We are already gone, so anti-gone, so Antigone, so never gone.[9] There is an environs here, a strange para-musical environmentalism of serial holds, and holding, as if to say hold on before you arrive too quickly at what you might not yet know is a goneness. Ana-anti-gone. The passage cuts in like this:

> . . . bard talk, bar talk, baby talk, B talk, preparing the minds of the little negro steelworkers for meditation. Come on, get to this hard, serial information, this brutally beautiful medley of carceral intrication, this patterning of holds and what is held in the holds' phonic vicinity. That spiraling Mackey speaks of suffers brokenness and crumpling, the imposition of irrationally rationalized angles, compartments bearing nothing but breath and battery in hunted, haunted, ungendered intimacy. Is there a kind of propulsion, through compulsion, against the mastery of one's own speed, that ruptures both recursion and advance? What is the sound of this patterning? What does such apposition look like? What remains of eccentricity after the relay between loss and restoration has its say or song? In the absence of amenity, in exhaustion, there's a society of friends where everything can fold in a dance to black, in being held and flown, in what was never silence. Can't you hear them whisper one another's touch?

Anthropocene rhetoric troubles not least because it repeats the scene of language grandiosity that created it, marking the limit of the overpowerfullness we might interrupt, were that not still too on the program to intercede.[10] Moten, therefore, wants to know if propulsion, even still through the compulsion to repeat that won't simply sag away to a workable nothing, might turn against mastery of pace, tempo, and race. One's own and the other's. All senses of sense are mixed here, in a black white-out dance of new sociality, like watching a *Donnie Darko* with the sound turned down. The compulsion to start up again is anaglypically apositioned not at the moment it stops, but *as* the moment it stops, as if it were right now that moment and the moment and reason to start stopping. Theoretical senses hold this holding of stoppage for us

[8] I'm thinking of Christopher Nealon's immensely illuminating essay, "Infinity for Marxists," and its attempt to bring together "infinity thinking" (speculative realists and climate change thinkers all somewhat homogenised) with a still Marxist thinking of something called "the social," as if the latter could ever really go missing (or can it?). My own question for helping me read this essay bears on whether by too quickly taking "infinity thinking" to be in need of "mediation," one risks completely losing any sense of how that "infinity" might be in the process of tearing open and redefining "the social" in the first place, leaving it behind in an impossible twist where it already will be. The appeal to "the social" as a default Marxist response may read off as premature recoil here, happening before there is a chance to take on board something new. Does retrenchment cover over what might have been a transition?

[9] I have in mind these wonderful sentences in Moten's "Amuse-Bouche," another essay on Delaney: "Noncompliance is contact improvisation. He's trying to kill this ongoing walking down the street together. He's gone, unburied angel, and we are anti-gone, against the times. We study the sacrament of self-defense, which is fulfilled in the persistent practice of what we defend." Moten experiments with being anti-gone, in the hole, in the hold, by all but coming back, or crossing, and *knowing* he is "against the times."

[10] My aim in this essay is not to turn against, move beyond or repudiate the term "anthropocene." One can argue, for example, that one doesn't need the term, that through the license of literary implication or wittiness, it comes through better, with more reserve; yet at the same time, its absence may do little more than alert the reader even more so; the paradoxical effect of the use of discretion for an open secret. The turn here, if there is one, is within the letters of the word "anthropocene" itself, showing it itself as repudiation (for example of itself), it itself as the ana-accusative. It accuses me; I don't get off, quite.

and nothing else, language lost in translation into another's tongue, black Patema and re-inverted rose, crystal tongue and grandma's ashes. Come on, let's get past the date line that constitutes an enclosure where mimetico regimes and their ecocidal templates intercede, and get to this other hard, serial information, the patterning and patina and the compulsion to the compulsion to repeat's repeating through trans-local events of–snowy–color.

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There is, then, also, "the experiment of hold." Hold doesn't know what it holds, it is not quite the whole logistics and more tragic scene of Derrida and Celan's *tragen* and *porter*, the carrying that in itself perhaps inevitably opens up the abyss we run from. Hold hesitates, ana-answerves, panswers, plays some jazz, gets up to take a leak, gets ana-haptic, and ana-resolved in perfect lysergic anathematics. In the ongoing absence of the end of the world which hold experiments in, tipping and tripping in the volley of its own theoretic feel, the part not borne away by data is the part still held, the laughing hand, or crying knees, the sense of your mobile heart beneath a sleeve, a heartfreaking tactility that makes sexual chastity all the way fucking impossible. In Adornese, where the concept doesn't match the world, and the non-identical stays just about in-game, there is pre-ponderance or ana-haptic factual blissing. I promise you there is a world and we are in it, say the hold, says Fred, as the miniature Mona Lisas come out from behind the glass of almond monads, and the dour fetishism of an emotional skeleton keeps us up on the soft, a wedge-term in compulsive identification, an ana-inter-pretation. What's cool here would be a con-fusion, not just of your hunger, but of that very radical compulsion and doom motif; not the compulsion itself but its motif, its pulse. If there is a claim of the hyper- or sino-anthropocene it's quite released in Moten, in this intrication of mini-repetitions rounding up the major arc of Freudian principles now hard to envisage, almost, and Marx too. How so catastrophe; how to catastrophize the claim and claim catastrophe? Ana-wreck the two. This is what it's for:

> . . . broken hapticality, its self-regulatory powers the invitation to build sentimentality together again, feeling each other again, how we party. This is our hapticality, our love. This is love for the shipped, love as the shipped. There's a touch, a feel you want more of, which releases you. The closest Marx ever got to the general antagonism was when he said "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need" but we have read this as the possession of ability and the possession of need. What if we thought of the experiment of the hold as the absolute fluidity, the informality, of this condition of need and ability? What if ability and need were in constant play and we found someone who dispossessed us so that this movement was our inheritance. Your love makes me strong, your love makes me weak. What if "the between the two," the lost desire, the articulation, was this rhythm, this inherited experiment of the shipped in the churning waters of flesh and expression that could grasp by letting go ability and need in constant recombination. If he moves me, sends me, sets me adrift in this way, amongst us in the undercommons. So long as she does this, she does not have to be.

Love at the cost of the hold gets instantly shipped here, same day shipment on Madison Avenue of what counts. When I listen to Moten, which is to read him, or when I read him, which is to do all that, I immerse myself like bathing in a world just now got birthed, haptically

happy and broken in that, never too iambic to feel what we don't know. It's the feel, the shipped, that releases the claim, and opens the ana-grant of "blackness" that anyone can and should, he insists, now subscribe to. What gets shipped is double love, love at and dedicated to the shipper, and all this contains a nearer antagonism, analogically swerving past what Marx already got close to, the attention to detail of particular social struggle outseen by some kind of wonderful semioliquidity, like fluid on your limbs and legacy, a positive micturition, again returning us to something that doesn't depend on being able to be ready, the rainbow's edge and etch. One might say that especially the dis-abled are in the hold ("could grasp by letting go ability"), and contain our love as the hold, and will have saved the world for us, those trans-autist converts to ana-blackness that the angel of Ofili will show beyond easy erotic hoarding and cognitive nepotism.[11] To be disposed here, to be disinvited, to be disinvested, to find someone who does that for us and forego the fear we will be overwhelmed instead of taught. Observe my implacable softness in the black snow. Love that makes me hurt and then open, like being sealed open forever by love back into the world from which love had scared me and then came. Moten's voice moves, he lets us get immersed in him, and that sends me to the world. It's as if everything he says is both vulnerable and recalcitrant to cognition and that's what makes it delicious and available to pain, but it's also in plain site and sight, an under commons, just under the surface, and yet simply for you, a signal. Immersion here would be an ana-answer to the anthropocene, and cognition's undercommons a way of relinquishing the demon the anthropocene of cognition (cognition itself) might be imagined to be, the merely seen. To be immersed would be to be immersed instead in the liquid of the hold, right up against the demon and yet anaglyphically powering off and out of the doom dashboard into the upper room.[12]

[11] On un-hoarding, we might recall the moving dream Cohen recounts in the middle of "Toxic Assets, de Man's remains and the ecocatastrophic imaginary (an American fable)." The dream is in fact first introduced as a moment of communal assessment, "special consultation, even auto-critique *entre nous*," as if a new type of wild psychoanalysis might develop around repression astir in the world, not necessarily to remove it but at least to recognize it as scar. Cohen recommends that the listeners should close their eyes. A question: why no sight here? Might we be imagined to pray to and for the anthropocene? Blinkers? Cohen also writes, perhaps in a feint, that this is a dream he is happy to be disabused of. The dream consists of the world undergoing a "sharp turn of self-disclosure," disallowing and closing off passive progressivist norms (academic for example) mortgaged out to a seen and unseen wave of varying fractally happening extinction events. He unfolds this dream, a sort of theoretical matrix for his work perhaps, an autobiographical khoratics even, across several sections, right in the middle of this essay which accelerates forward a number of key motifs from de Man (irreversibility, relapse). The hope (if that is the word) in this dream and group critique—eyes still closed—is that we all might *give something up*, starting with the most obvious material things, but extending to cultural capital, mimetic assets, now rampant social-mediatic capital ("online presence"). Cohen asks us, in effect, in this digital Franciscan waking prayer, to go against our least acknowledged forms of capital, as if further back than so-called "cognitive capital," without even the sense of etiquette that guides even the most "radical" discourse within the academy and "the avant garde." Without excluding himself, he puts this on a sort of open table, in a black-out of sight that might correspond to what recent work is starting to call the dark side of cinema, Mal-Kino, in reference to Ridley Scott's *The Counselor* (2013). Whether we are diasbused or not, awake or asleep, this dream feels urgent, an imperative moment of arche-cinematic politics. Google Delete Us. The consultation is abandoned in the drift of dealing with the immediate business of the essay—capital can't simply, now, be skipped—but what to do with the dream? Might it not correspond to what Cohen also calls, in a beautiful phrase taken from a discussion of Incan sculpture in *Ideology and Inscription*, "the direct and violent access to divine ecology"?

[12] "The Upper Room" (1999-2002) is, for instance, a room-sized installation first installed at the Victoria Miro Gallery in East London and now housed at Tate Britain. It consists of 13 paintings by Chris Ofili and refers to, amongst other things, the scene of the last supper, *l'ultima cena*, and paintings of *L'Ultima Cena*, including Da Vinci's, and then perhaps for us, something like *the ultimatocene*, a final anthropocene of eating-well-the-other. It's also sung by Mahalia Jackson as "In The Upper Room."

TERMINATE THE ANGEL

Chris Ofili, *Mary Magdalene (Infinity)* (2006)

Moten's reading of Ellington with Freud in *In The Break* perhaps comes down to this: if there were only two drives, then we would be sealed shut and never meant to stay here, gone and not been gone, already gone and not anti-gone. And yet if there are more drives, if there is something beyond that beyond, a wild beyond, then our goneness is only almost inevitable. Or rather, even if it were all over, right now, there would still be the time, the *différance*, between having said so and the saying floating in space without even the distant memory of human presence. *Feu le carbone*; if you're reading this it's too late. The void is not final. Capitalism is over. Inversion is not enough. Terminate the angel.

ANAVALANCHINE

Moten wants to love something else called "blackness" and to love it into being where it is, and this is where the ana-lytic comes into its own. Here he is on Wilderson and Sexton in "Blackness and Nothingness":

> I have thought long and hard, in the wake of their work, in a kind of echo of Bob Marley's question, about whether blackness could be loved; there seems to be a growing consensus that analytic precision does not allow for such a flight of fancy, such romance, but I remain under the impression, and devoted to the impression, that analytic precision is, in fact, a function of such fancy.

Moten gets to the moment where he asks where swing comes from, "What drive?" This is really the question, which drive, what drive: what if it's not on the death drive, the soft or hard drive, but on the other drive, what Moten will elsewhere call "the alternative"? His concern is with "that rhythmic disruption that animates swing, out of which swing emerges, before meaning." Freud interleaves here but he becomes part of Ellington's band, and not the other way round. Moten gets us back to basics, Freud's basic drives, but also his training in Derrida where, even more so than Freud, there would of course be no originary unity to the drives. Again and again and again and again perhaps we want to say this: that if the drives were to find a unitary origin, it would be all over.—The death of us already. Period.

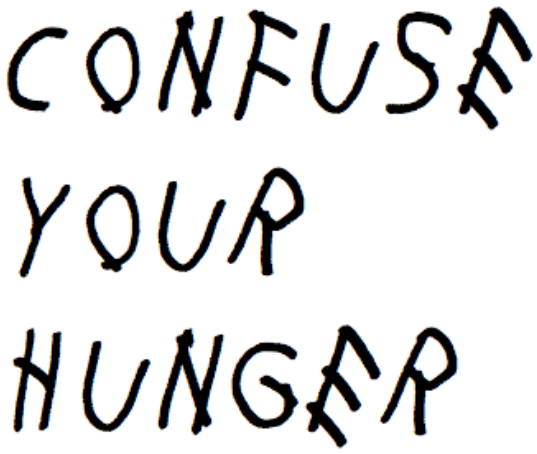
There is an asymmetrical off-beat motion, wonky beat, arrhythmia, stutter-speech, each drive autonomous and each drive anaglphically anaclitic on the other, and "blackness" as the wedge-term in the whole white mythology of referential addictogenesis. Everything holds off in this Ellingtonian reading of Derrida through Freud, a reading of an anaoriginal or anteoriginary difference of *différance* of the drives. Everything holds off from the coming down to it comes down to, as if the sound of love which concerns Moten, or is concerned by Moten, were always the best eros as its own interrupted teleology, the interminable *différance* of total extinction as love for you, right now, ana-iamb-bantam-beat Motown. Even if we were to know for sure that the ecodical template were the deciding factor, and it looks so, there would still be something in the break, something calling for survival more than "we" are, a certain "blackness" of futural proliferation of what Moten will call "beautiful division." Here is the moment that perhaps allowed me to begin to think some of this, the opening lines of "The Brown Menace, or Poem To The Survival Of Roaches" by Audre Lorde, who Wendy Lotterman introduced me to in Crown Heights when the anavalanche nearly occurred.

> Call me
> your deepest urge
> toward survival
> call me
> and my brothers and sisters

in the sharp smell of your refusal
call me
roach and presumptuous
nightmare on your white pillow
your itch to destroy
the indestructible
part of yourself.

Would anyone be right to hear here, would anyone have a right to hear, a new type of accusative, an ana-accustaive, turning in different directions, but first of all towards "you," carrier of the wrong trace? Would this be the twisting of an ana-anthropocenic apostrophe direct enough to ana-anthropocenically "call out" "us"?

So where's the swing come from? The ana-arrhythmia? I won't comment here except to follow and say I think the Moten-effect, the "f.moten" signature he inscribes on himself, the foment, opens out onto an ana-arrangement instead of a "question" of "what" "comes" "first." In some ways the thing is simple; and yet imperative. If you simply say the death drive is the life drive (a simple conception of the drives), then it's too late. And yet if you say that this is only almost inevitable then you get to "the sound of love," and not at the very end of the passage but the start, not near theoretic retirement but now, "the force of a new, another, content, the ensemble, improvisational nature of this sound of love, the human animality of its instruments." Beyond choice we do like to be fucked totally, yes me too, and yet between that and even more life there wouldn't be a choice so much as this choice, *life*, again and again and again and again, holding off slightly as on a total rainbow fuck, two angels of an ana-annunciation, just as you say.



Let's restart again, here at the very end. One of the epigraphs in Moten's *In The Break* comes from Nathaniel Mackey's *Bedouin Hornbook*, and elicits, before the book has begun, an installation of the *ana* in a sort of ana-space, insisting on previousness before Moten introduces his epigraph to seal that previousness open forever, "an insistent previousness evading each and every natal occasion."[13] Has this ana-motif in Moten, this insisting previousness to be found "in each and every natal occasion," even begun to be written about and fully listened to, not to mention the implications it might set off for anyone thinking in the so-called anthropocene? If there is anthropocene and anaffect in Moten it is already here, in 2003, the year of *In The Break*, in the "an" of the "ana" that precedes, we might say, everything sayable in the perhaps genetically "white" jargon of critical climate change or even of the post- or hyper-anthropocene. The "a" and "an" of "ana" in Moten comes before and constitutes any specific reference to the anthropocence *stricto sensu*, and therefore deforms what that scene might be. I want to suggest that if we listen to Moten there can be heard a kind of ana-anthropocene, and that his writing, or rather even simply his actual voice, picks up where most of us are bound to leave off, picking up and leaving off with his own perfectly interrupted resolution of the doomed anagram of whiteness, or what might have been touristically called that in what

[13] This "previousness" seems to be the nub of Moten's slight but fundamental departure from Freud. Stopping and starting as a death blur or hard serial drives of which there were never only two. It calls into question the whole concept of stopping by challenging the nativity of every start, and might also be thought together with what Cohen (following to some extent de Man, and perhaps more terribly than Freud) calls "irreversibility."

increasingly seems like a previous time (white mythology, white anthropocene, white activism).[14]

Risking and improvising a few propositions on this front, we might say that Moton does not antagonize with the anthropocene and try to get away from its claim, nor does he analyze it as such, but he does seem to present a kind of anaglyphic print-out of the ana-ananthropocene, as if the anthropocene might be inverted or ana-inversed, analogically ana-percepted and ana-intercepted from outside the white mythology of the mimetic doom and pathos template.[15] Moten's anangelics are hyper-theoretical for a reason: precisely because he sees in theory love and vision ("a gift of having been given to love things and how things look and how and what things see"), and so makes felt the need for anyone interested in the claim of blackness, which is *de jure* everyone, to be fully interested in theory as the seeing of things in double genetivity. The prosody of Moten's voice is never analgesic or anaesthetizing, or rigged by macho pentameters, but relaxed, precisely, ready to target only a "simple motherfucker" who is neither just the enemy punctum nor just oneself. The second line of *In The Break* defines blackness as "the extended movement of a specific upheaval, an ongoing irruption that anarranges every line." If there is some kind of answer here, an aesthetics of "blackness" as precisely an answer[16] to where white mythology has placed us and found us as us, a claim or rather grant to be taken up beyond that mimetic mythologism, then it is to be found once again in the voice, in a voice, in the sensual orality of a teaching by interruption and jump and swing which ana-attacks the decorum of the answer itself ("the anticipation makes them answer their own questions against their will and their resistance to themselves offers a little sound, a little buzz with a laugh on the end of it, for the celebration"). The ana-fly quality of Moten's voice is what enables me to anarrange every line, and here at the start of *In The Break* it's not just poetry's lines which are at stake, but "every line," that is, every demarcation, boundary zone, force-field, and then the online and even what Gmail calls the inline: less belle-lettres, less tyrannic drive to write (well). Poetry, which Moten does likes nobody else both here and elsewhere, is here anarranged and relaxed and backed-off and made to take place only as blackness's consequent force of anaglyphic superimposition. Since "blackness" matters, and

[14] Here are some anagrams for "whiteness": This News, Shit News, His Newts, Went Hiss, Newt Hiss, News Hits, Sewn Shit, Sew Hints, Swish Net, Sews Thin, Stew Shin, Sent Wish, Wise Nths, Whet Sins, West Shin, Wet Shins, New Shits.

[15] The same going back and before, as if to sabotage and rename and twilight the scene that will only be named more explicitly later on, is there in the earliest writings of Cohen, for instance in the reading of the *Protagoras* where it will be a question of "blowing the whistle on tip-toeing around a move he can not comprehend, the stakes of (metaphysics' overthrow)." Cohen writes as a "P.s." at the very end of the "Plato's scene of reading in the *Protagoras*" chapter, where "scene" inhabits all later uses of the word, like an advance translation, "It would seem that metaphysics would here be synonymous with the positional claim of epochal transpositions, or their undoing, to begin with, which is another way of suggesting that "metaphysics" itself is always such a retro-projection, that it never quite was—or is always about to be re-installed." The ana-scene in Cohen's reading of Plato, which already goes before Derrida's reading of Plato in "Plato's Pharmacy," perhaps already goes before itself, or ahead of his more recent work which, while doing the work of stripping back the anthropocene to its own twilight, may also forget the power of this earlier scene (and of course had to). What he says of metaphysics we might easily say of the anthropo(s)cene, that it is synonymous with its own undoing, to begin with, always a retro-projection, that it never quite was, and may also be about to be installed. For now though, through reading Cohen and Moten together in the manner of a furtive anaecholocation, we might simply say that the anthropocene is un-installed, like a reversal of ana-skeuomorphics, or as with the black and white angels of Ofili's *Annunciation*: "In the catacombs the narrative moves through a sort of white writing where the difference of black and white appears suspended—what is called, in a scriptive fabric, 'the fabric' of 'the white—web work which gleams' of 'nitre,' the last being a white night or white blackness."

[16] *An*answer. AN-swer. Swerve? Swing? Answerve?

matters even as and more than "black lives"—this seems to be Moten's deeper contention—it is as a super-claim that comes from without the mediatics of individual tragedies, coming instead as an anaglyphic ana-generative force of colouration. Moten does not seem to be against the claim of the anthropocene on us, but through and for the claim of the ana-anthropocenic anangelic anaclime of blackness *for us*, and the angelic here is no accident since the so-called "black angel" in Ofili's *Annunciation* continues to be present. The phonic quality of the shift Moten enacts is incontestable. Wang writes that "sometimes it is necessary to remember that to be inverted is not to give yourself but to *be taken*." To be inverted by being taken by the object, or by what Adorno called the "preponderance of the object." Here still in the first paragraph of *In The Break* he writes:

> While subjectivity is defined by the subject's possession of itself and its objects, it is troubled by a dispossessive force objects exert such that the subject seems to be possessed—infused, deformed—by the object it possesses. I'm interested in what happens when we consider the phonic materiality of such propriative exertion. Or, to invoke and diverge from Saidiya Hartman's fundamental work and phrasing, I'm interested in the convergence of blackness and the irreducible sound of necessarily visual performance at the scene of objection.

See, he says, and we listen. We listen because of the voice, and because we trust the voice as relaxed and human even as it allows itself to be almost fully possessed by the anaglyphs of where his ana-audio-visuality takes him, taking of him and taking to him. If the anthropocene is sometimes simply too big to take as the object of any one scene of writing, even one totally open to inversion by possession, then Moten skips what might be simply a reinstalled dialectic of the infinity of larger objects and a still all too social mediation, and ana-installs something ("blackness") as the very sight and site of the moment objects in their variedness take and are objected. *That* scene. In his talk on Thornton Dial he calls this an "ecology of (eloquent) things," as if enough attention to objects might notice that their care would already sustain us beyond the damage done by a subject holding too tight to its subjecthood. The scene here is not quite the heavily laden anthropocene, in which carrying and goneness are perhaps key white tones, but the tactile and visible scene of being under the pressure and abundance of objects, and not just in the sense of over-production but as an anaglyphic sensuality of previousness. If we look at an actual anaglyph, or simply bathe in Moten's voice online, we are before 3-D and before twenty second century *Adieu au langage* Japanese gif memorabilia. But who can give over? The world comes: "Frog went a courtin and it ended up wrong, as dinner and the refusal of dinner that you have to slip away to laugh at and record, track laid over that fatigue drone when everything is everything, which I'd been praying for and running from. I'm touching your ear. Is it ok to touch your ear? I'm touching it. I'm climbing up you. I can't tell you how much I love that. I can't get over how I got over." The cross-hairs are different. The x-factor is a convergence of sight and sound ("Is it ok to touch your ear?") at the scene of convergence which also involves for Moten above a splice ("to invoke and diverge"); that is, a divergence from another's work. If there is a trans-step here to be made, and a neuro-divergent imperative to be heard out, it is perhaps the claim on sound of this singular "blackness" only Moten's voice can transmit in the way it does, because he is Fred Moten, and

only his life will have this voice, and only this voice expresses this singular definition of "blackness" on which life, very much today, like either of the bronze figures in Ofili's *Annunciation*, seems to, ana-anaclitically, anastrophically, anaerotically, and catastrophically, depend.

CODA

Lay on the floor and listen one more time. Radically con-fuse your hunger:

> The moment of teaching for food is therefore often mistakenly taken to be a stage, as if eventually one should not teach for food. If the stage persists, there is a social pathology in the university. But if the teaching is successfully passed on, the stage is surpassed, and teaching is consigned to those who are known to remain in the stage, the sociopathological labor of the university. Kant interestingly calls such a stage "self-incurred minority." He tries to contrast it with having the "determination and courage to use one's intelligence without being guided by another." "Have the courage to use your own intelligence." But what would it mean if teaching or rather what we might call "the beyond of teaching" is precisely what one is asked to get beyond, to stop taking sustenance? And what of those minorities who refuse, the tribe of moles who will not come back from beyond (that which is beyond "the beyond of teaching"), as if they will not be subjects, as if they want to think as objects, as minority? Certainly, the perfect subjects of communication, those successfully beyond teaching, will see them as waste. But their collective labor will always call into question who truly is taking the orders of the enlightenment. The waste lives for those moments beyond teaching when you give away the unexpected beautiful phrase—unexpected, no one has asked, beautiful, it will never come back. Is being the biopower of the enlightenment truly better than this?

Gmail by Google

Jonty Tiplady <jtiplady@gmail.com>

BCC

Jonty Tiplady <jtiplady@gmail.com> Sat, Jun 13, 2015 at 11:30 PM

Dear bcc,

Is time dilation between the twenty first and twenty second century an emotional problem? gmail.pdf freezes dilation in the present. .pdf technology is phonophotographic. countless waves of þig bangs. eternal return of anthropocenes © mutiple blind carbon. Confused? An entire epoch of sign production cannot survive a certain regime of social-mediatic consumption in the hyper-anthropocene. Neither can theory or psychoanalysis. Or email. And Imagine a kind of arche-email sending what? .pdf creates Anne Carson, nearly named Ana Carbon, ana-feu-la-carbone, called ice-pleasure, a frozen screen, melting fire from the email through the wormhole, do they have the outernet on Saturn? Did use a Mac or a pencil for his editorial? The which comes from the Greek verb originated with Werner in 1789 or When the Greeks chose the anthropocene by choosing a that and white this "black stuff", this *kool* thing, this universal carbon culture

DIOGENES IGLOO

LIVE
ATHENS
EURO ZONE CRISIS
GREEK EMERGENCY POWER LOAN SEEKS
TO PREVENT WIDESPREAD BLACKOUTS - RPT
FTSE FUTURES
+42.0 +0.80%
5295.5
First in Business Worldwide. First in Business Worldwide. First in Business Worldwide. First in Business Worldwide. First in
CNBC

In Anne Carson's *Eros The Bittersweet*, ice features as a multivalent and hard to hold splinter. The book has a chapter called "*Ice-Pleasure*," which is about just that, the jouissance of ice and melt, frost and thaw, the almost transcendental status of melt within language, evidenced at an early Greek cultural stage in the poets. Carson speaks of the twist between aesthetic time (that of literary text or performance) and normal time, the latter having a melt-effect on the former which somehow sustains melt longer, like a Jasper Spicero ice sculpture of a melty *anthropos*.

Conjoined to ice-jouissance in Carson's book is a careful description of the arrival of literacy and skill in early Greek consciousness, as if the melt began with literacy, and as if there were a pre-Greek moment not quite touched by the full heat and eventual thaw of the carbonic age: Diogenes of the igloo. And yet melt is primary here, since implanted at the heart of ice is a consciousness and sense of the transient. What do ice and the heart do in their pure pre-carbonic flesh but melt? Why might we expect ice not to melt? Carson tracks Alkman, the very early Spartan poet, as he refers to the beloved "melting me down," as if language were melting in itself in order to be able to stretch over the always losing surface tension of love; a primary or transcendental melt. When we speak the word "transient," says Carson, we are part of a temporal process, but when we write or read it, the word is "as poignant as a piece of melting ice."

Carson comments that this ice *remains*. It remains, as it were, melting, glacially slow in its disappearance which is therefore felt as never quite final (and as impossible to accept as it is to deny), and all of this "gives the reader or writer a taste of what it would be like to control time." In this sense reading and writing (literacy) provide a kind of control or stemming (of melt) which Carson will go on to say lovers usually desire. But while the love object, especially the erotic one, tends to pass, "a piece of ice melts there forever." Carson insists on this, somewhat like a lover, and insists that love is about control, as if the beloved were that

piece of ice (beautiful objectification as the height of frosty eroticism). She also insists that love is about the relation of eros and reality: to what extent can lovers remain in reality so as to maintain the right degree of froideur and warmth?

One extreme here, a sort of variation on the subtly erotic theme of Han Solo being carbon-frozen in plain sight of Princess Leia and others in *The Empire Strikes Back*, is the instance of the character Phaedrus being in love in Plato's *Phaedrus* dialogue with Lysias' erotic *logos* which concerns a preference for unreciprocated rather than reciprocated love. Phaedrus' own preference, in effect, is for a double kind of distance or ice (to all the better keep things at the point of melt): on the one hand, he wants to be in love not so much with a person as with a *logos*. On the other hand, Phaedrus is borrowing (through presumed love of borrowing) the preference for unreturned love, and through that very act of borrowing, contesting his own preferred distance. He melts, even though he prefers cold. He melts, because he wants not to so much. He doesn't want love returned, but he does want to love Phaedrus absolutely as the best bestower of *logoi*, especially *logoi* about the intense heat of cold love. The nonlover is best, apparently, the "nonlove of the nonlover."

Ερος δαῦτέ μ' ὸ λυσιμέλες δόνει,
γλυκύπικρον ἀμάχανον ὄρπετον

The melt will continue, we won't know when it will have finished, and by the time it has, love will have had its touch, even so. Carson talks about the way "you relish the sensation of melting, in your bittersweet way." She captures the tension whereby what you want as lover is to actually stop the melt, by freezing, and yet freezing is just as an inevitable part of the process as thaw. There is an inevitable inability to accept what we now must accept absolutely, a constitutive difference in what you must now know. To halt the melt you would have to freeze desire, and even if you can't want that, you still do. All of this, she says, "pulls your mind into vertigo," the vertigo or vortex (to use a word important to Cohen in its polar sense) of the *différanthropocene*. This vertigo perhaps resembles the state of mind we might imagine Lobot to have, the cyborg liaison officer who observes Hans Solo's carbon-freezing with

apparent passivity. Labot's biotech wires his brain into the Cloud City central computer, so he's probably experiencing Han's freezing from two sides, both the apparatus doing the freezing and the empathic experience of being frozen, as if as a weirdly non-organic and non-erotic exemplar of Bersani's discussion of self-splitting in S/M in *A Future for Asyntax.* This cluster of ideas might also make a tentacle to the attempted recreation of the Carbonite scene by Kink Engineering corp. There is also Ofili's *Annunciation*, and the ana-effect of its title. What is it exactly that this artwork announces? What is it that annunciation now announces in the anthropocene? A malfunctioning Lobot is said to have commented, "I am the future," as if in ludicrous mimicry of Prynne's recent dedication of the new edition of his poems, "for the Future." 2015: for the Future, says the poet Prynne, of course with a degree of what can be imagined to be contorted discretion. One interesting thing to note for the moment about Ofili's sculpture is that critics (usually male) often assume the black (matte bronze) angel is fucking the white (buffed bronze) angel, but actually the matte one is heavily pregnant (big with something, perhaps phallically so) and so things are at least slightly more complex: it seems in fact more a matter of either intersex, female-female "fucking," as lesbian experience sometimes names itself, or perhaps simply not-yet-quite-fucking at all, or even, more accurately, a tentacular embrace without actual holding or carrying; a couple of immaculately inter-passive angels. What announces what here, in this beyond of the evisceration of all angelicisms? "Black" and "white" continue to call for more refined treatments, as if colour were itself a shock, a political violence, and a velveteen wormhole with new taints in it.

ANA IN THE HOLD

1. FAIM-FIN

In 1924 in Kierling near Vienna, approaching the end of his life, Kafka had trouble swallowing, and became more attentive to flowers and birds. He was suffering from tuberculosis; it made eating and drinking painful to him. In enforced silence he communicated by writing on little pieces of paper, most of them passed to his loved one Dora Diamant, and the "little family" that surrounded him in the sanatorium. Kafka was playing, in a way, the art of confusion. Nobody really knows, for example, whether he was anorexic or simply hungry. In some ways he was both, a hunger confusion artist. In the 100 or so *Gesprächsblättern* ("Conversation Slips") that survive, he is almost obsessive about eating rather than not eating. Or rather he is almost obsessive about swallowing and drinking rather than not. A drink becomes a miracle to him, and

an even greater miracle is providing a drink for someone else; watching someone else drink who has been provided with a drink.

2. DIAMOND HUNGER

"*Limonade wes war alles so grenzenlos*" (Lemonade everything was so infinite). This was was one of the Kierling monostiches, to be found in Kafka's *Aus den Gesprächsblättern* published in *Briefe 1902–1924*, and then in English in *Letters to Friends, Family, and Editors* in 1958. *Grenzelos* (infinite) may also be taken to mean boundless: *grenze* as boundary. Hence another way of saying *Limonade wes war alles so grenzenlos* is to say, "Lemonade. It was all so boundless," which is Kathi Diamant's translation in *Kafka's Last Love: The Mystery of Dora Diamant*. Kathi Diamant is not, it turns out, any relation to Dora Diamante, and the full stop here in Diamant's translation is itself boundless, proscribing an infinitely finite confusion of hunger and thirst, hunger *with* thirst.

3. SUCK—THE HUNGER WILL BE GENERAL

How long will I be able to stand it, Kafka asked in 1924, as his final tuberculosis meant that he was limited to the slip, the *Gesprächsblatter*? These slips or notes, almost beyond literature, mostly addressed to Dora who often insisted Kafka keep it brief, restrict himself to a line or fragment precisely so that she and Doctor Klopstock might guess and intuit the rest of what he meant. The rest, the hint, was left to others, a game in the fresh air of a summer sanatorium, an aposiopesis (the rhetorical figure for a sentence left hanging) for giving joy to the little family (*faim-fin*, finish it for me, finish me off); con-fusing hunger and thirst beyond themselves. Aposiopoetic *Gesprächsblatter*, and summer in the universe.

4. ANAVALER

It snowed when I was in New York earlier this year and when I got back I wrote a long text, about the snow, and the vocable "ana" in Fred Moten's writing, how he combines blackness and hyposcript, and describes a work of holding perhaps different from the "carry" that can be found in Derrida and Celan. The snow is melting, I must hold you. The internet is gone, I will marry you. Out there in the air the world carries or holds no one, so jump into the ana-tentacular hold. Moten speaks of "the anoriginary force of tumultuous derangement, a generative sociopoesis given in and as everyday sensuality," of an "ana-originary vulnerability." I tried to describe the *ana-tentacular hypothesis* I feel is owed to Moten's incredible writing. I went to work like a child who thinks she knows the answer before she does, on the preposition or prefix "ana," I tried to write about this but I felt like a debutante, a latecomer to the claim, so I held back. What I wrote I put to one side.

5. AVIS, BIRDIE, ORIOLE

How long will I be able to stand you standing it, Kafka asks, tenderly factoring in the need to think of how we must carry the other's carrying, or allow them sometimes to let go by releasing what we give to carry. It is Brod who describes for us the scene of pain and candescent humor on what would be Kafka's deathbed, saying how the "little family" surrounded him with love, and how "it was an intimate living together in the face of death." Brod also tells of Kafka writing to Dora's father for her hand in marriage, and being depressed when he gets the wrong answer. They make efforts to revive his spirits, and yet later on Dora takes Brod to one side—Kafka must of course be protected from the knowledge of death around him—and confesses in a whisper that last night an owl had appeared at Kafka's window, and how for her, given the lore of her eastern European childhood, this meant only one thing, the irreversible shadow, (big swallow) the gothic-gulp-frisson: "the bird of death."

6. PHOENIX, TEAL, WREN

Perhaps it is impossible to talk about what can now never not be called "the anthropocene" without also talking about this bird of death, in 1924, which appeared to Kafka some time between 10 April and 3 June, as he was editing "A Hunger Artist" and suffering, according to some, from an anancastic anorexia. The anthropoetics of birds is perhaps best known by Sarah Wood who, in her beautiful and imperative book *Without Mastery*, works through the role of "temple-haunting martlets," "guests of summer" and "hoarse ravens" in Shakespeare's *Macbeth* and beyond to ask questions of prophecy and unwillingness to be prophesied, about what is now coming and swallows all in sometimes necessary news and stories. The martlet is, as Wood notes, "of the swallow kind." Yet these birds in *Without Mastery* wing far beyond ecological or aviational ornithology, or even a mere orni-poetics; they are, as it were, in the belly of the book, the very emblem of what goes on in us and beyond us as our annihilative and availing hunger that might be con-fused in little family scenes and break-out groups as the extinction drive and its interruption or repression, an openness, as its beyond. Better and worse still, and perhaps slightly against and yet also with the Hitchcockian birds that proliferate in Tom Cohen's work (Hitchcock, perhaps without the full horror template), the birds here in *Without Mastery* settle, on page 8, not so much on the wire and frame, waiting to feed, but on every line, in what remains of the heart, as a radical con-fusion of semiotic hunger as its own *Grenze*. *Their Fate Is Our Fate: How Birds Foretell Threats to Our Health*; the attraction of the thinking of the late trace; this deserves your attention:

> Gilbert White, whose *Natural History of Selborne* first uses the terms "monographer" and "monography," firmly believes in the heuristic value and intrinsic meaningfulness of haunts, in the sense of localities. He recommends that the person who settles down to study nature, birds especially, should "undertake only one district" and advises that "every kingdom, every province, should have its own monographer." This faith in place and territory is related to the difficulty White has in fully acknowledging what Banquo recognises in his famous speech about the "temple-haunting martlet," that the bird is a "guest of summer" (I, vi, 3–4). White alludes to this speech when he writes about the martlet and other birds of the swallow kind, but he does not let go of the idea that they "stay behind and hide with us during the winter" (*Natural History*, p. 39). When he makes the speech, Banquo is engaged in not being aware of death coming. He forgets that the air is full of witches. He has not heard Lady Macbeth announce: "The raven himself is hoarse, / That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan / Under my battlements" (I, v, 38–40). The audience, or the reader, is better attuned to the demonic and deathly atmosphere. The death of Banquo is sad but the play inscribes it, along with all the other deaths, in a human continuity of feeling. The thought of the trace is compelling precisely because it has no proper habitat. It belongs with affect no more than it belongs with reason or any other continuity. It migrates between contexts. It refers to a going away that is not a kind of event we know: not the departure of a guest, not a migration, not the end of a day, or of a year, or even of an individual life. It gives us to think these things, and when these things are written without mastery—written on us, and not merely by us—the writing that results may take us some way towards the thought of the trace, and towards what it is necessary to experience, to feel and not-feel, in order to imagine an extinction. The events I have just listed could be called moments. But there is no moment of species extinction, no moment of climate change. The persistence of writing force takes effect in and beyond the familiar extensions of writing in the narrow sense (the work, the corpus, the historical period, the genre, the intention, the human psyche or memory, etc., etc.).

I want to dwell, gradually and indirectly, and most probably beyond this essay in place of another, on this beautifully migratory moment and passage on the thought of the trace as it comes out of *Macbeth* and towards extinction, as extinction, and I want to note to begin with just one thing—that it reminds me in a long distance, on-the-horizon way of some lines on the first page of the British poet J.H. Prynne's most recent book of poems, *Al-Dente*, a tiny red volume that I first read on the way to see my dad in hospital last year. It begins, after a shifting title ("Guessed"), in flight:

Livid flight transom offer a distortion per open
by heart to learn, cross-over. Place settle
announcing already time for both in plain way,
in modest profession. You do it as to do
and have in prospect willed.

meet this, claim its view,
intense version for
bird-like acceptance, its
climate at or flutter
twitch and stir—

How far does one have to travel to get from "its," line-broken there at the point of possession (if not repression), to a word one can't not say today without at least the memory of a degree of alarm, "climate"? Prynne's poem involves certain scattered signs of flight and "bird-like" activity, including settling, opening, placing, fluttering, twitching, stirring, announcing (as in a song of fate), and especially perhaps a "bird-like acceptance." Do birds accept? Do they accept in a way we don't? What would mimesis of bird-like acceptance be like? Who or what might give it, grant it, have it? Guessed? The translating here ("cross-over," *Ubersetzung*) also speaks of migration, the crossing of an ocean; the spreading of a trace and scatter of wings anamorphically *over there*.

7. SAY SOMETHING

I reread this poem a few nights ago, just before bed, and then woke from a nightmare at dawn, writing to W asleep in NYC: "just woke—bolted from sleep—one of those dreams or nightmares painful enough to bring you round and then the pain still there when you wake (does everyone get those? with pain still there I mean)—basically in the dream I asked something about X and am now inconsolable. I'm still in that place guided by the dream (it will fade) even though I know it was a dream. I'm not saying this because I think the dream is prophetic in that sense, but because the pain feels prophetic, if that is even the right word, of knowing what I need, or it needs, without me knowing what it is, or at least it has nothing to do with what I'm not mentioning but with what I don't know, the Cixousian *what he doesn't know*. People can stand the truth, I think, but not the opposite. I think your email about not repressing in theoretical work or in life, and reading anything that causes undue pain on the phone to be accountable, each for each, was not just a reaction, it was a good idea. I feel like, well, I was reading this book by Pete Doherty I came across in one of Nick's essays, called *Their Fate Is Our Fate,* about how the birds are connected to us and know what the fate of the planet is, and how the birds are getting ill—like, you know, birds move inland before humans when a typhoon comes—I'm stupid enough to think I'm bird-like and not just paranoid I don't just mean the dream I mean something else;

everything else almost. I had a panic yesterday, thinking that we are losing us here, and that there is something maybe I am not saying that would have made an impossible difference—I mean about us, and also about US—you see, petal, the denial here of not being able to do anything about it as great as the other denial, the denial of *it*. You would tell me if I was wrong, or right, wouldn't you? If the birds, the sparrows I mean, were in me, I mean not in me. Maybe I swallow too much. Maybe it's just that I read a Prynne line before bed last night and not Riff Raff, "bird-like acceptance" very closely to the disembodied word "climate" and the line-broke word, on its own, "its"—is Prynne blind or does he see straight though the leaf? I felt the need to respect that feeling, and ask you to tell me if I am getting it totally wrong, this thing I don't even know how to recognise, but this is also impossible, the request, and it too. Remind me in case we forgot, in case you had forgot, I had forgot, and so on. If you forget tell me we have forgotten. In case *we* had forgot. In case we had to forget. It's like that song "Say Something I'm Giving Up On You." I can suddenly imagine a hundred variations on that song, a thousand wings breathing in the devastated air, a full explication in all senses of what my dream and Prynne's poem might shield like a pair of intersexed wings. I mean say something I'm giving up on you, say something it's giving up on us, stop saying things it's giving up on life, be bird-like it's giving up on them, say something I'm here now not later, say something bird-like we're giving up on us, say something in case we forget, say something world united, say something I'm not giving up on you, say something I'm in love with you, say something I'm giving up on you, and so on. You would tell me, bantam leaf, if I had swallowed the whole thing whole?"

8. ROBIN ROBBIN ROBYN

Does Wood's phrase about being "engaged in not being aware of death coming" indicate an art? A hunger art? Like Dora whispering or even whistling and singing in the corner like a canny bird? Is it a way to confuse our hunger by quieting the zest of a death drive? Or is it a con-fusion of our denial and disavowal insofar as it offers a self-differentiating engagement, a relative facing-up, a desire still for the truth of our destitution, at all costs, and so on? Perhaps nobody wants to survive at any cost. The slightest of inaudible differences here, that confusion of cost, is itself perhaps the possibility and closure of the confusion of hunger.

9. ANA-TIME

This is played out in the Justin Timberlake and Amanda Seyfried movie *In Time (*Andrew Niccol, 2011*)*, in which time has become the universal economy, governed by time keepers and lenders, and there is a species split between those who own potentially infinite time and who, like *turritopsis nutricula* jellyfish, can reset time in a movement of infinite temporal capital; and those who live in the aptly named Dayton (day tone, date line, Dayton Castleman), where each is given

only 25 years until the green digital clock on their arm zeros and they "time out." Timberlake plays Will Salas and Seyfried plays Sylvia Weis. They go on the run together after Will inherits "a century" from a confusing suicide and escapes to the protected New Greenwich, the separate time zone or enclave where time-trillionaires live. Time itself here in 2169 is as if the last commodifiable entity to fall to what Stiegler calls "the proletarianization of the senses." If the action trope of being "on the run" signifies anything special in *In Time*, or in *I'm.mortal* as it was originally called, it is perhaps the ongoing and sharpening im-possibility of the de-proleterianization of the senses.

Amanda Seyfried and Justin Timberlake on the run in *In Time* (previously titled *Now* and *I'm.mortal*) (2011, Andrew Niccol)

What gives the film *action* is that the massive transference of wealth to ".001 %" of the world population now consolidated beyond economic repair, is here slid into its terminal position, which, at the present rate, can only come or continue to: the privatization of time. *The Hunger Games* might be taken as a slightly earlier schema for this advancing claim on all appetite, ending in hunger itself being a sort of means of enforced temporal starvation. The Capitol in *The Hunger Games* uses food and hunger as tokens of power and control. Hunger becomes acquisition becomes spectacle: we watch ourselves on the screen in the form of Jennifer Lawrence sent back for a life death hunter-gathering death match for our starved sense of enjoyment. Analogue thrills as we watch us watching ourselves in a world scene porno machine. Katniss in the dress on fire is a vision of post-anthropocenic regeneration fantasy. Its beauty is the flare up of the pathogenesis of zero social movement glowing on a screen of desecrated fire power; only in a death arena broadcast from us to us can anyone look like this in flames, only under hyper-anthropocenic capital and no longer merely under capital which acts as the taunt of progressivist capital still:

If this upward transfer of all commodifiable appetite and quanta is now addictogenically inevitable, therefore cancelling out social progressivism (Marxism as theology) in advance as a viable model (Eleanor Marx Aveling, Marx's daughter's suicide), then what remains to effectuate hungers and "resistances," if at all? Food can be gained from The Capitol by state bargain and ration—like grain from the hatch of a spacecraft—but only at the cost of increased odds of being drafted into the eponymous games. Hunger can be staved but only in irreversible sequence and short-circuiting death-spiral with the hunger games themselves. Hunger is gamed, short-circuited, and confused. We might say that it is the *con-fused hunger games of the world* that must be thought first, before attempting to understand all the forms of play in the world as if, from Augustine of Hippo to Hungry Hippos, hunger had always been thought as *paidia* (play) beyond progress as such. The green digital death watch, time banks and chargers of *In Time* are in *The Hunger Games* matched by hunger as a spectacle that even Katniss's post-anthropocenic hunting (perfected in her youth, in the woods) can do little about. How do I confuse *that* hunger now? Can I con-fuse it at all? What's left when the cost of living will be (beyond significant present social concerns) that we can't go on?

10. KILL YOURSELF

laying out the water
on the same cinematic
sky

Wood's reading of *Macbeth*, and the whole of *Without Mastery* in fact, is notable for its serenity and grace in the face of what could be—in matter of fact, and were we not able to turn away for a second and be preoccupied like Kafka by a "little family," a Dora who will whisper the too terrible thing to one side—ferocious despair. To be without mastery as Wood movingly moves us to think and feel is to be taught to re-wire and con-fuse what may in fact already be too far gone, and yet again even so, even *as that*. For Stiegler the transfer of cognitive credit to an internet based time-franchise that sucks on our appetite like a vampire, confusing it in all of the wrong ways, is already well underway. The irony of Will and Sylvia's giving up is that it leads to "a plan" (the "Let's give up" wild goose chase asiopoesis at the end of that scene). They decide to pretend to have failed, and to be handing themselves in, and yet instead rob Sylvia's father's time banks, taking him for one million years. Will's actions are based on a kitsch Hollywood Marxist sense of the justice of retribution here outrun in some ways

by a formidable Hollywood unconscious more conscious now than us, however franchised it is (Hollywood Hyperdrive). Will and Sylvia are of course successful and time capital (one million years) is transferred back to the grubby hoards in Dayton in a Robin Hood gesture of universal compassion: time compassion. And yet the real aporia of the film, where time itself kicks against its own aporetic limit (*fins, oros,* Orios*, Grenze*, *gramme, ig, Linie*, etc, the whole aporetology), is the scene between Will and Sylvia's father. The chrono-finance daddy, the baby-faced time hyper-capitalist Phillipe Weis, here takes the supposed position of contemporary neo-liberal capital, the idea that for the corporocratic class as time thieves to survive many must die. There must, in other words, be a socially catastrophic species split, a shift to the higher ground, gated communities, an irreversible class demarcation, irreversible racism as timeism itself, precisely even at the moment of flourishing race-liberation consciousness. One step forward, three steps back, forever. Will's position generally is the more retro-human one, that the assurance of endless survival is not worth the sacrifice of a single individual, including the most flagrantly restraining ("evil") time keepers who he refuses to kill. But what makes this scene between Will and Weis more than aporetic is precisely that it stretches like a cross-over parting two scarily merged positions. Will's refusal of individual sacrifice for species survival confuses itself when he is prepared to kill himself and Sylvia for "the good cause" i.e. the redistribution of time wealth back in a downward direction, a cause which may in fact ensure the non-survival of the species worth more to Will than any one death. Precisely because the one is worth more than the all we may as well kill everyone: such is the scandalous human logic of Timberlake's Hollywood compassion. But the hyperdrive of the overtly (madly conscious) Hollywood unconscious knows better (monstrously so) than Will's cute local mercy: in a sense what happens is that Will is floored by his own principle, subtly but definitively defeated by the fact that the paternal-chrono-logos has the best interests of the species at heart even in the guise of what might be called "absolute evil." Exactly the same thing happens in *Interstellar*, incidentally, when the very fact that Matt Damon turns out to be "evil" because he is prepared to sacrifice the earth to ensure its survival elsewhere, is itself questioned by Christopher Nolan by the simple fact that it's Matt Damon, since surely Matt Damon cannot be evil. How do you like them apples? "In the end," Phillipe Weis says, "nothing will change, because everyone wants to live forever," and what's humanly confusing is that the evil "Weis," the hermeneutic traitor to the species, may be more of a friend than anyone could socially admit: the figure of the *hupsipolis apolis* as insider *politikon zoon*. The ongoing intractable irony of all this is dryly (yet nonetheless ironically) captured in Ariana Reine's poem, *Save The World*, where a voice comments that the desire of "the woman" for love and attention "therefore indicates the woman ends the world." Saving the world as a human feeling and sentiment is here in drastic cahoots with its accelerated extinction, which is not quite to suggest a correction. What may be called for or may be happening already, without resolve, in all human size and detail, is not relative but pure and

absolute con-fusion (of hunger).

11. THE ANGEL OF THE A IN SECRET

Hunger will survive, says the angel, the angel "a," in secret. An angel, a bird, just appeared in the room; beyond extinction. There is of course still Kafka in Kierling near Vienna in 1924, and what he has to say to us, his starvation and ravenous gluttony, his hilarious con-fusion; and there is also Wood's reading of *Macbeth*, with all the magical powers of its sobriety, its infinite sparkle, and gentle grant of human limit. Birds settle on that page of *Without Mastery* I quoted; they flock; pre-figurative tweets; almost non violent slashes. Wood does not, as Stiegler does in *What Makes Life Worth Living: On Pharmacology*, explicitly announce the need to go *against* the proletarianization of the senses (time and hunger and sleep capture) in a type of curative time-swipe that would then perhaps strangely resemble the beliefs of those in New Greenwich. She does not explicitly subscribe to what Stiegler calls a necessarily new politics of deproleterianization of the senses, although we might imagine she perhaps would go along with the psychotherapeutic and sociotherapeutic impulses behind such an idea. Her book is, after all, sculpted from care; it is as minimally confused as possible, and yet allows for perturbation and lack of clarity when needed. It speaks eloquently what Cixous describing Derrida calls *the least damage possible*. Here is Kafka, then, like a spiritual animal without mastery, in love with Diamante and facing the bird of death, the migratory thinking of the *Gesprächsblättern*.

12. SNOW WHITE

Cixous has a book in French that circles around Kafka's phrase "lemonade, everything was so infinite": *Limonade tout était si infini* (Des Femmes, 1982). The phrase carries personal resonances for me, and the cover of the book, one of the few *Des Femmes* volumes of hers not to be almost totally snow white, is one of my favorites. Jackie Wang recited the phrase in New York in February, once with her eyes open, and then as she closed them went inwards and proceeded to vary the phrase in a potentially infinite number of ways, from uncontrolled despair and resigned softness, to electric terror and soothing sisterly glow, eventually changing the order of the words as she went, allowing form to drift in and out, and turning it into a *cura*, a healing. Jackie's incantation returned me in an ana-movement to this phrase I had loved the fizziness of when I had lived in Brighton for a decade, often taking it in French to the sea in summer, swimming with it in my head, returning to the yellowish cover on the beach. Snow, not hunger, was general that night in New York City and there were cut flowers on the corner of Sullivan Street and West Third just like those Kafka cared for in his conversation slips. Snow rarely seems to fall on Google Earth and yet there does exist a kind of

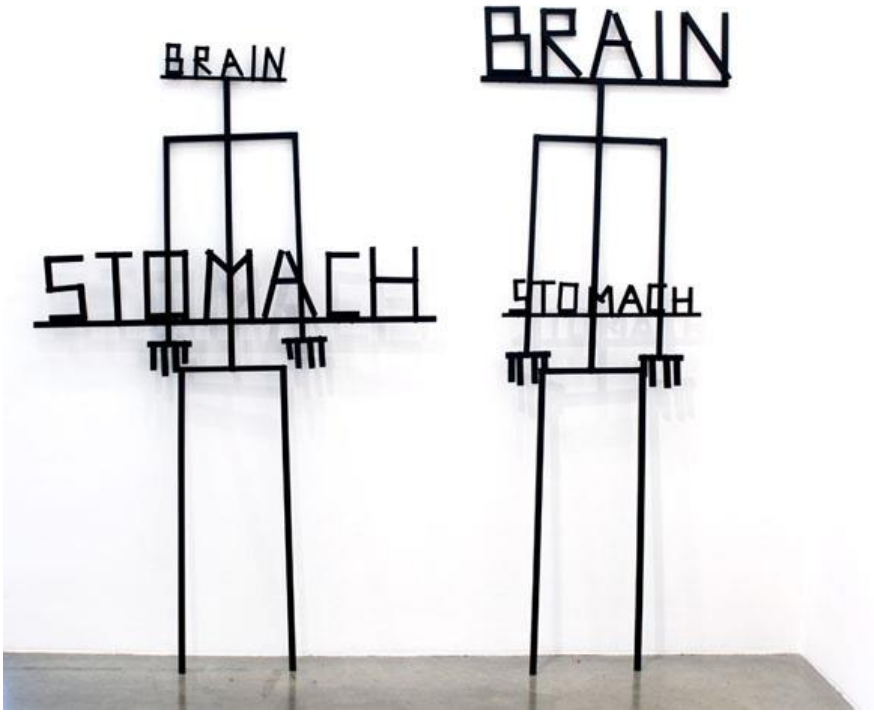
snow app, "A National Snow Analyses 3D Interface" which consists of "small .kmz files which drape overlays of snow model input and output rasters over terrain." I struggle to get an overlay to drape over this. See the lilacs, he says, fresher than morning. More of the water. Fruit

13. THE MOST ART SECRET ... INVISIBLE ISIS THE VAMPIRE

he returned
weeping wings
in para ping

How long will I have been able to stand you standing it? Whatever imaginary we have of Kafka, this time in the sanatorium is his evanescent, candescent spell, his time as sensuous animal. In love and facing the bird of death, he seems to initially regain his appetite, drinking Tokay and fetching cherries, but then loses his ability to eat, or specifically swallow, and yet, it seems, not simply because of the effect

of the tuberculosis on the throat. From the conversation slips we can detect the interplay probably with Dora in which Kafka is at times mock-complaining, and yet sometimes seemingly fascinated by all the minutiae of how others drink, swallow, how they feel about the simplest of things, like water: "I want to obey him, especially when it's pleasant; after the lemonade tell me again how your mother drank, only water, long-lasting pain, thirst. But earlier, when she received the good water, she rejoiced." Kafka's simplicity is positively con-fusing. It acts like the cross-wiring of the short-circuits of finitization by the infinite in Stiegler's *What Makes Life Worth Living*, or the art of Olaf Breuning, which seems to idolize E.T. beyond fetishism and pop, E.T. instead with a beautiful white blanket thrown over him. The world of Breuning is in fact the world of Kafka's sparkling lemonade, where pop is opted neither in nor out. It, says Kafka referring to a fly, cannot eat, so no pain. Does it want to come back? Just one of Breuning's cross-overs with this might be:



Olaf Breuning, *No Food No Brain*, 2009, Metro Pictures

Is it possible to survive without food, this organization of black sculptural solids seems to ask like an openly thoughtful child? Will we be able to interrupt the ravenous sea of the death drive within us with the hyperdrive of what Stiegler calls care and adoption?[17] If we say that even the ability to retrieve care as such

[17] "This mother, the 'good mother,' could clearly also be the father, or some other guardian–and ultimately any benevolent and protective psychic power. And this is the idea behind The Kid, in which Chaplin takes on the maternal role to perfection. Furthermore, in Taking Care of Youth and the Generations, I drew attention to the fact that Moses and Jesus are adopted children, the former by Jochebed and Amran, the second by Joseph, notwithstanding the fact that in the Koran filiation is defined not by blood but by milk. This means that care is what

beyond confusion has now gone, can we at least still con-fuse? *No Food No Brain* is a simple algorithm made accessible, at which point its simplicity seems to become more complex than complexity itself, rather in the same way that in Adorno's *Minima Moralia* "children's books like *Alice in Wonderland* or *Struwwelpter*, of which it would be absurd to ask whether they are progressive or reactionary, contain incomparably more eloquent ciphers even of history than the high drama of Hebbel," and again in the same way that "in Satie's pert and puerile piano pieces there are flashes of experience undreamed of by the school of Schönberg, with all its rigour and all the pathos of musical development behind it." Here the brain and the stomach are, to be sure, two separate entities, both in this case graphic, or sculptural-graphic; and yet on the left the stomach is bigger than a smaller brain and it's as if the stick figure struggles to carry it, whereas on the right the brain is bigger and, as if on a smaller plate, the smaller stomach looks much easier to carry and control. On the left, put simply, is what happens if the libido is entirely flooded by the drives and the moral mutation of the species is irreversible and to be repeated: the cognitive stomach and its appetites will get more and more gross and the attendant transports and vocabularies of carrying ever more bulky, until this erotic point break is reached. This is probably already; the switch may already have been flipped. On the right, however, is what happens if the libido can be air-lifted away from full-on *thantos* and the cerebral industrialization of porn and shepherded back towards care, and what might be called the one thought that would make life worthy of living. The first epigraph of Stiegler's book is taken from Plato's *Phaedo,* "Do not be careless [*me amelesete*]." It is maternal care that births and redempts the one thought that makes life worth living—a thought as perspicacious as what Cixous calls *l'émondicité* itself—through the mother's instilling in the child "the feeling that life is worth living." Breuning's sculpture, for example, in its affable simplicity might inculcate that feeling, as does Kafka's matutional conversation slips ("See the lilacs, fresher than morning"). Stiegler reads through Winnicott the meaning of the "potential space" between mother and child that consists of a certain aquatic or even crystalline "holding" that might be contrasted with the sense of carry or burden in *No Food No Brain*. What Stiegler sketches as a kind of khoratic-hold here is a space of adoption (not adaptation) that comes before the choice to have or not have a child. The held objects and things which enable transition for a child, and allow the space (also called "the transitional space" by Winnicott) to open up, are also gone beyond in this spaciousness which consists precisely of holding; a kind of therapeutic template for what Fred Moten calls "the hold":

> The transitional object has a distinct virtue: it does not exist. Certainly, something exists that enables it to appear—for example, a teddy bear or

makes possible a process of adoption – of the child by its mother, and of the transitional object by the mother-child pair, within which the 'mother' is the educator through which is created what Bowlby described as the relation of attachment–thus also the relation between Charlie and the Kid. We shall see in this work, and in particular in Chapters 4 and 8, that care is a process of adoption, and that it is to that extent precisely not adaptation."

> cuddly toy. But what makes this teddy bear or cuddly toy able to open up "transitional space"—which Winnicott also called "potential space"—in which the mother can encounter her child; what makes this teddy bear or cuddly toy able to become the transitional object, is that, beyond that part of the object that exists in external space, beyond or beneath this piece of cloth, there holds something that is precisely neither in exterior space, nor simply internal to either the mother or the child.
>
> In this beyond or beneath of both the exterior and the interior, there is something that holds between the mother and her child, and which nevertheless does not exist. What takes hold between the mother and child in not existing, but in passing through the transitional object, and which therefore finds itself constituted by it, links and attaches them to one another through a wonderful relationship: a relation of love, of *amour fou*.

The notion that the transitional object does not exist, insofar as it is subsumed or held in the hold, a space which is neither external nor internal, is subtly radical in the consequences it might have for the transitional object of cinema for example. Might cinema, or rather its folding over into experience, be archetypal of the need (to attend to objects) which exists less pressingly once we are, as it were, driven into the hold of unconditional love? Just what makes the cuddly toy cuddly or cuddlable and holdable is the holding of something between the mother and child, not the held but the transitive nature of the hold which in fact evaporates the object as its occasion. There is, as it were, nothing to hold or hold onto, only a relation of what will even be called *amour fou*. Stiegler says this relation is wonderful, and yet what is wonderful too is the transferal of the high romantic and often pathological vocabulary of limerance to the natural solicitude of the maternal hold, which retains its puissance by not existing ("and which nevertheless does not exist," "*amour fou*").

How can we confuse hunger in the anthropocene? Does it involve a holding or carrying? Breuning's sculpture of two different orderings of brain and stomach is not a binary precisely because it is a binary so explicit (brain | stomach) that it unabashedly destabilizes everything. That is why one loves dragonflies, says Kafka as if in con-fused echo. One possible irony of the sculpture is that the brain | stomach distinction does of course leave out so much else. The occlusion of the sexual may be both mildly bemusing, but also, inversely, a statement of fact that not everything is reducible to a thanato-erotogenesis of the drives. If it was, we would, as it were, already be finished. There are the sex organs, the sex drive, hunger, its confusion, its con-fusion, sexual and cognitive stopping, the plasticity of the brain and what Audre Lorde calls *the survival of our feelings*. The question the confusion of hunger raises is how late it is for these things.

14. TENTACULAR FUTURE HAPPY MOTHER

"I got you some ice for your crotch! I'm shoving the crotch ice under your door!"

Is the anthropocene a demon? There may be ways of saying so. In the pilot episode of *Bee and Puppycat*, the animated American Cartoon Hangover series by Natasha Allegri, the two characters make the first of several visits to planets in what is called "Fishbowl Space." Bee is basically a cartoon emanation of the precariat. She is a temp, always hanging around and waiting on getting work. She sleeps a lot on her sofa and likes eating (the first episode proper is in fact called "Food" and shows Bee preparing food with Deckard Wizard, a prep cook with *heterochromia iridum*—a blue eye and a light green eye—who is reluctant and confused about taking up his place at culinary school). When Bee gets work she does so via PuppyCat, who appears to be something like a dog-cat hybrid, though nobody is sure.[18] The work allotments are sent by TempBot, a post-gender and cool blue interplanetary robot who delivers work on demand, a kind of winged robot of interplanetary employment. The work itself takes place off-planet, in or on the nether world of FishBowl Space. It is not quite clear what Fishbowl Space is. The Bee and Puppycat Wiki explains it as some variety of cartoon khora where planets can take multiform and vari-gravitational styles. These planets (Cat Head, Jelly Cube, Snowglobe) might be seen to play out the fantasy of the off-planet as solution to anthropocenic finitude, as *Interstellar* does, and yet there is the difference that they are also essentially "work planets," interstitial zones of zero

[18] tvtropes.org defines Puppycat under the "Cute Kitten" tv trope: "Puppycat seems to be a strange combination of this trope with Precious Puppy. A Cute Precious Puppykitten." Is Puppycat a 22nd century set animal? Wiki: "In ancient Egyptian art, the Set animal, or sha, is a chimerical beast, the totemic animal of the god Set. Because Set was identified with the Greek Typhon, the animal is also commonly known as the Typhonian animal or Typhonic beast." "It has no complete resemblance to any known creature, although it does resemble a composite of an aardvark, a donkey, and a jackal."

hour contracts and the infinity, rather than limit, of slave labour. In this way the miniature planets don't so much address the issue of the planet's finitude as simply swerve past it by transferring work shortage to another domain. In "Edge of Tomorrow: Cinema of the Anthropocene," McKenzie Wark comments on how "the fantasy, then, is that the digital time of this civilization—be it capitalism still, or something worse—has within its power the ability to overcome the almost shapeless, formless, seething tentacle menace of the Anthropocene." On a first visit to the off-planet domain Puppycat is attacked and captured by the single long red tentacle of a monster with a mouth full of sharp teeth. Puppycat exhorts Bee to use a sword she has ('USE THE SWORD AS A SWORD!') to save her, and Bee does this, chopping the tentacle. The escape is of course a cartoon fantasy here, inescapable and yet inescapably hauled back to the sheer fact of what Tom Cohen following and accelerating Paul de Man calls "the irreversible." There can be no real cutting of that monstrous tentacle, permanently, and yet the illusion, velocity, and possibility of that escape is inescapable, even now, as what secures the irreversible by interrupting it. This illusion is perhaps like the prayer of bad music Adorno mentions in *Quasi una Fantasia*, which only because it is superfluous, can retain in slapstick cartoon form the imago of utopian bliss: "Since the image of utopian happiness has vanished from greater music, it is preserved only by inferior music, but in caricatured form, perfect illusion as prayer." Illusion ("*schein*") here in Adorno's German means both illusion and appearance and is the word which Hegel sometimes uses for the weak link or weak transition in the phenomenological graph of spirit; it may also refer to the famous Moonlight Sonata ("*Mondscheinsonate*") the mood annotation of which Adorno takes as his title. The meditative inwardness of prayer, a post-theological trope of self-communion, here makes possible the shine and illusion of a kind of killing off of the anthropocene as demonic dendritic monster. Nothing less or more than the end of the anthropocene. All of which is *quasi una fantasia*, and yet that "almost" is as seriously and as undeniably and ludicrously mysterious as the survival of prayer. So-called lesser music, precisely through its weaknesses, is here capable of a hypothetical canniness against odds. Wark will go on to admit, stacking the odds further after a moment of indulged fantasy, that the tentacular demon of the anthropocene "curiously seems to have some sort of mimetic power." He adds:

> It doubles us and confounds us. It erupts from the earth or out of the sea, or appears out of nowhere in the sky. It's an almost molecular enemy. It is techy, like us, and yet not. It is perhaps the shadow image of our own forces of production, mediating between earth and air and water, and bringing fire.

The tentacles are all over us here. It is tempting to make this monster or demon into an octopus, erupting out of the sea like a giant CGI version of one of those sexualised Japanese octopi, which can be found in more vivid scenes in the pornographic niche of "tentacle rape." The anthropenic octopus comes at us from

earth and sea, as if "we" are no longer in the so-called West since we face all that the most enormous version of the West could now by earth and sky and sea throw at us.

15. TASTE OF ILLUSION __ SWALLOW THE ART SECRET

Your language too has soft and beautiful words, but they are not always appreciated. What could be more musical than your word *cellar-door*?

Florilege of msn pizza gif. Snowy face of formica software. Speculative realist in Miami. In a Loris Gréaud exhibition I went to at the ICA in London in 2008 there was a bespoke mainly black vending machine stood in the restaurant area, its shelves lined with packets of vari-coloured sweets called *Celador*, branded with the slogan: *A Taste of Illusion*. I bought three packets. The packaging was so beautiful I felt compelled, and "Celador" was already a favourite word since I had heard in *Donnie Darko* that according to J.R. Tolkien in his 1955 text 'English and Welsh' it was the most inherently beautiful word in the English language. Tolkien reckoned that 'most English-speaking people' would admit "that *cellar door* is 'beautiful,' especially if dissociated from its sense (and from its spelling). More beautiful than, say, *sky*, and far more beautiful than *beautiful*." I had already played on the word on the first page of my first book of poetry, *Zam Bonk Dip*, turning it into "*c'est de l'or, vent d'est*." Gréaud was already vibrating too, between languages: a possible French, his own; English; and a possible Gobbledygook ("Celador") – it was as if I could taste linguistic difference. How would Kafka have felt in 1924 about *A Taste Of Illusion*? Would he have been amused and delighted, thinking it endless, or irritated by the wasteful use of vacuous sugary items? Hunger is obviously confused here, short-circuited, and yet in the context of magic too, where plasticity of sound is dissociated from sense, and sight from actual taste, in what Fred Moten might call the audio-visual hold; or rather, taste and flavour are disassociated, as if eating no thing or air might be possible, since I really had just tasted and paid for almost nothing. The fact the vending machine was in the canteen and not the exhibition was perhaps what made that magic of art really take place as fact, as actual food inverted back into itself through tastelessness. I really didn't know if I had tasted something or nothing, or if I had tasted the perfect shine of an ersatz prayer.

16. COLOUR YOUR HUNGER

As I saw the rest of the exhibition in 2007, which now comes back to me in a prophecy of its title, "Cellar Door (Once is always twice)," I was startled by Gréaud's blacks. Few texts are as awash right now with new variants of colour as Moten's "Bluets, Black and Blue, in Lovely Blue," a lecture he gave on the Chris Ofili New Museum exhibition which took place in the early months of 2015. Moten speaks of an "insurgent chromatism" connected to "diasporic prayer" and, memorably, of "getting messed up by Mondrian." Something happened to whatever I thought was me, he says, and mentions a letter "a" dropped from Mondrian's name when he came to Europe. In a phrase as spectacular as *Victory Boogie-Woogie* (1944) itself, Moten eventually speaks of how at the Mondrian show at MOMA in 1995 what he got messed up by was "amazing arrival at unfinished condensed explosively multi-matrilinear seriality, the amazingly beautiful." For all of the attention to Mondrian's planes of colored paint and the their ability to mess up, it will also be to a single letter, the first, that Moten directs his attention, describing "the thing that lets you hear the supplemental 'a' he dropped from his last name, like a held or hidden note, letter pressed." It is as if the future colors pinged

forward to us here are what really do the messing. When I got back from New York I tried to describe reading Moten for the first time at the same time as visiting New York for the first time, and being messed up by both. Moten's work messed me up, the power of his voice, his actual voice to enact a shift that itself has everything to do with a vibrating "a", "an" and "ana" sound, as if these three small and initial vocables, very close to anthropocene, but also before it, might alone "constitute a work whose absolute madness constitutes a radical sending." Moten sees softly. He effects a seeing softly.

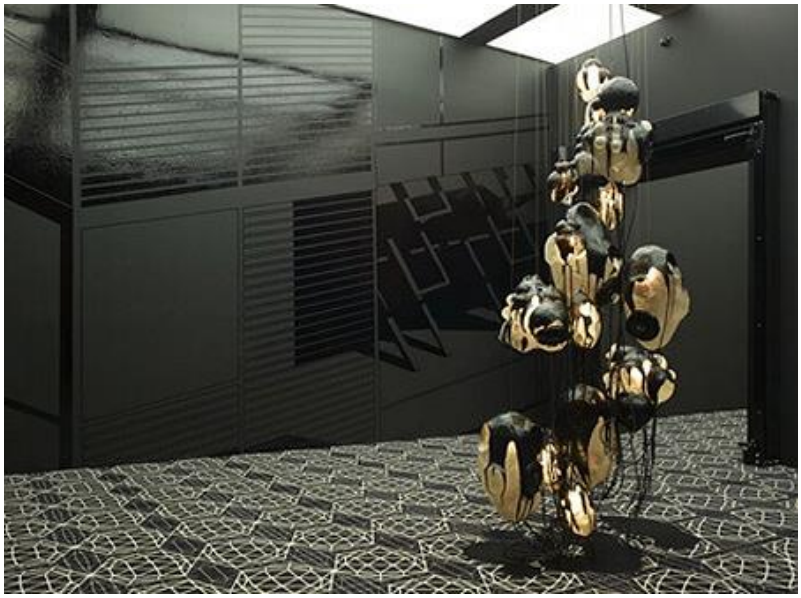
The hold of colour is a kind of shattering, a different type of propulsion. You end up not knowing which colour you are looking at or through or for. Can one eat colour? Moten speaks via Wittgenstein of how there is "no intermediary element between colour and space," and so will recall Bernard Stiegler speaking through Winnicott in *What Makes Life Worth Living: On Pharmacology* about the hold and the held, where the held is the hold. There is no intermediary element, or rather there is only an intermediary element. Somewhere in there, hold together, held together, is "an," which like the taste of illusion or a prayer, has the ability to pre-last even total destruction, precisely because it consists of nothing, the no-thing into which destruction claims to go or come. Gréaud's blacks and his magic art "as lawful as eating," as Shakespeare puts it at the end of *The Winter's Tale*, incite a confusion of hunger and taste, a type of confused pre-historic synaesthesia, arche-confused hunger, the type of thing Gréaud references when speaking of the dual discovery of Cage and Stockhausen, "a sort of cultural combination similar to a diet Coke and Mentos or cocaine and heroine as speedball."

What would a speedball anagram look and taste and feel like? How to speedball your hunger? Gréaud continues:

> Some ideas, like the concept of un-played notes, will last forever and have become a pattern for most of my productions, especially in regard to the fact that you need also to listen to un-played notes in a score and be aware of the missing gap between two works, and that maybe the things unsaid are more important than the told/loud ones.

It remains possible, too, that the un-tasted thing will last forever, the con-fused thing; that it will pre-install a kind of insecticide, an illusion of the mouth, before ecocide; French blissing. Virgil W. Brower says this, that before anything is a kind of "suck me":

> The trace of an oral sensation survives the insectuous prehumen and the incestuous all too human. A living someone endowed with the aptitude to retain memory traces is, as such and since time immemorial, a living someone endowed with the aptitude to take pleasure In tasting and sucking. The event of a tasting-insect and the taste of pleasure with that insect's relation (as both a tasting-someone and a sucking-someone) to the world, death, and others is something to which we must return. In doing so, we move beyond the pleasure-taste ever limited to the human tongue as taste-organ (which Rousseau's poetic confession seems already to insinuate).



Installation View: Cellar Door

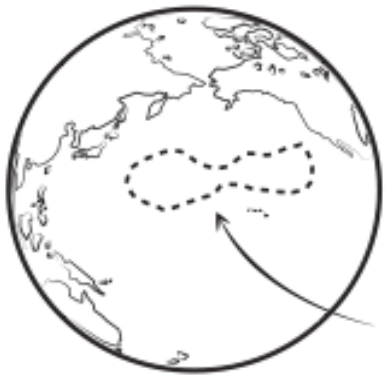
17. DRAGONFLY/FISH

Kafka's *Gesprächsblättern* are open, even if aposiopoetic. They are simple sentences, even if crypted slightly so that you might join in. His death bed con-fusion of those around him, giving advice about putting lemon in wine and getting others to rink so that he can watch (a beautifully chaste and thirsty scopophilia, like watching

coloured smoke issue from a frame), manages to affirm life with death right in his throat, choking him, staring at cool lemonade as he can't quite drink it; con-fused together in liquid or crystal enchant. I want to end by very briefly touching on Kakfa's dragonfly and on a moment from *A Litany for Survival* by Lorde. Here for example:

> However the image enters
> its force remains within
> my eyes
> rockstrewn caves where dragonfish evolve
> wild for life, relentless and acquisitive
> learning to survive
> where there is no food
> my eyes are always hungry
> and remembering
> however the image enters
> its force remains.
> A white woman stands bereft and empty
> a black boy hacked into a murderous lesson
> recalled in me forever
> like a lurch of earth on the edge of sleep
> etched into my visions
> food for dragonfish that learn
> to live upon whatever they must eat
> fused images beneath my pain.

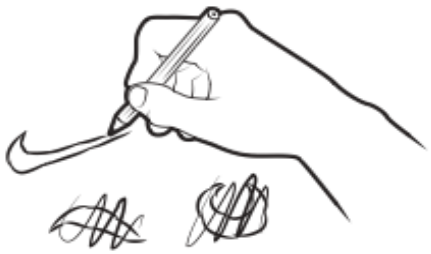
THE DEATH OF THE MARXIST POETRY SCENE



Why are you still referring to capitalism as if it were even a good metonym for what used to be called the anthropocene? Same question about wage labour. My life is an attestation to the fact that you can't solve wage labour and inequality until you solicit the relation to life quaversally. I think my life is a hundred waters murmuring. My life is a flawlessly looping space vine. My life is the fact that realism was used up while I ordered a salad. I think my life is red, white, magenta. I think my life is craven, salt, debonair. My life's claim to be itself and my claim to be other is the moment the butterfly became earth. The claim is another. I am purple, serpentine, zill, trill, glam, zoom. I am the death of the Marxist poetry scene. And you are the end of the vast diagnostic. And I was born in the illiteral northern lights and look perfect next to a melting sun. I am a woman with 1000 dreaming finches inside me. I emerged no later than the 18th. I have snow inside me, and all weather. I have no memories of my lovers. I am nearly nailed to the beat. When will we admit that it's not just money and power that are suicidal but us and our art and still feel OK? If immense beauty answers me or not, I don't care. It's fall and climate changes as I eat pizza. That night when the Manhattan bridges zoomed through the echo-sketch of our memory as immigration policy now saunters into view nearby the gorgeous poplars and my dad votes for UKIP where the leaves serenade the players in full. My life. My life and yours forever. My life and a butterfly carries a dart, and sometimes its absence resonates best but is also far worse to retain. Even our concern with the anthropocene is totally anthropocenic, and yet there is no opposite.

> I tried several drifts of snow to soften your heart.
> None of them were precise enough to make it.
> I think we did well considering

and were a well-hung Mona Lisa.
Pen pals iced out AK47s
vibrating across the goose pimples of all I still owe—
I'd rather be fierce and twisted than ahistorical, you say,
and don't even remember the fluffy version of the world.
What am I doing with the rest of my life? Relenting I say.
Or turning. Admitting that I was wrong.
In this .pdf written against what I don't know
I don't know what the canticle pollen is in heaven. If I have to stay alive
for your sake I will
and then slink away to learn the right way.
Flowers are stratospheric in New York City.
I am the flouter of what I could be.
Anti-racism is so 2015.
The well-hung stars. The well-hung curtains. The waterfall.



The facile thing to do is return the spite to him, since he misread it in X's work, but that wastes time, and how many times must I refute men? Just enough for them to come full circle. Or from $-\infty$ to zero in the case of eternally expanding universes producing $-\infty$ plus $-\infty$ supernovae anthropocenes. There is another option: the spite that all poets deal with is the desire to repress poetic anteriority itself. At stake is an impossible desire of consciousness to surpass its emergence as ressentiment and force distributions in polydisperse frictional particle packings. But the calculation is still to be made with different economies of hurt, more and less care for still living names pretended dead for our fame. The tranche appears again nearly four years later, and this makes sense, since the desire to vanquish anteriority simply sets up more negative deformation (repetition). The wound is the one inflicted by any writer's dependency on previous texts, no matter how those previous texts are judged. It may even be that so-called "minor" texts are more capable of quietly immense illumination precisely because they make lesser claims on a posterity now almost gone. Every white man's is a doomed effort at cancellation, like a crypt behind whatever sheen holds him in place. It finds itself now where it thinks it won't primarily, on Facebook, and will simply re-enforce that system without end, repressing its conditions there where it convinces itself otherwise. Such is the law from which consciousness painfully emerges, and in which it finds its only equality.

I'm so sorry so much that Santa and Christ share a coke and disparage emptily the disparagement
of our end.
I yawn and take Depakote for decades and in the vomitorium scroll down to see
that Derrida was an accident scary as Marx.
Piss drops over the dawn.
There is a light that will never go out
and black rainbow trans person Jews.
I now rejoice in my own mutation
and want to know the pain of a commonwealth of snow.
You really suck X, but I can't even remember why.
Ever since you went I
am sure I know how to get into bed
and please can you send me a snowy shoe
or a shoe with an amicable note attached
being apart
as you are
of the assolocene.
Send me back the flowers land-locked doves sent you by mistake.
I meant them to come by all the way.
You never returned me and didn't need to
since I had no longer given that much
apart from my whole head bruised into a shield
to step out.
I remember seeing all the brushstrokes of the cub scouts outside MacDonalds in Manhattan
when you came running down
veiled in a pain you will let go of, and
ending the subsidies that increase the number of premature deaths from outdoor air pollution
by about 1.6 million lives a year,
while all they do is picket the ConPoets with no back up plan
in America as America
looks on broken-hearted when it recognizes
the zeitgeist thrill is now
off-beam.
I try to imagine what Barnaby Tydman should have become
or how any poem ten years on can need this,
and fight off the acceptance I intensely feel forever.
No envy, no meanness, Snoop, only the amity of an unlatched fetch.
There is an alternative, and an alternative life, and no alternative death.
Well-hung Plato darkens over the desert of a fudge sunset.
Some of us have lost some of us, noon to oxygen and kneeling
power in beauty and defiance.
I am fucking destroyed by your lack of Snoopy
and my even intenser lack of Snoopy.

Let's put them together and see what we had.

I wonder if the reader might be scared to ask to what extent A confounded himself with such a dedication? Is it a form of theoretical senility? Why should we hold back from wondering? Out of what false sense of respect, and pretence of stingy holocenic philologism? Of course we can also guess there is something of a turn against the times, a leveraging of speculative inscrutable optimism, a refusal to simply concede to the doom template of anthropocenic discourse. The dedication may be sophisticated but it may also be, simply, irresponsible. Does he really capitalize "the Future"? That would seem to open the question further. Z has of course been criticized by C and C and earlier on, for different reasons, by Marxists, for leaving his sense of future too formal, too open, too occlusive in fact; and yet many reformist Marxists are now beginning to sound like the Z they slated twenty years ago. See, for example, the quasi-apologia at the end of "Infinity for Anti-Anthropocenists." I think their work on "critical climate change" is convincing enough for the term "climate change" to now feel hackneyed. One of the ways some skip "climate change" as a concern is by assuming a narrow definition, which can then be discarded with some conscience. If "critical climate change" names instead a series of factors, from critical language change to occlusion to aesthetic relapse and finitude aporiae, it becomes much harder to avoid, and increases a fit of scales.

The meek paintball the shit out of each other and inherit the universe.
Plato's skate park is voluptuous in the punk despair of your past.
Electric with my assolocene at midnight first thing in the morning
on a tract of finished turf
snowed out by carbon
I can no more beat your mean dude-licking silence
than we can the never ending story of racism
and the soft swoon of islands in the bay of wheresoever,
and there is nothing to say here at the end
as there is nothing funnier than climate change,
to where the whole of the alternative life and ours is now unlivable,
nothing to say now funnier than that
and in the alternate life I now clothe myself in
veterate to the commonwealth of oil

or all life will carry on forever without us. In that sense, it wouldn't be a question of whether all humans are to blame or just the rich ones or just those who pollute the most, but of taking account of something in the way *anthropos* was set up in the first place (Greek, white, male, citizen). *Anthropos* would be oppressive, racist, exclusive and exclusively inclusive in its historical genetics, insofar as it assumes it knows what it means, knows what it is we should all now do. The most we might now do is understand that. No need to panic or avoid, no need to follow or block.

Ever since you went I scored serial hell,
the deficit of bread in front of a mirror.
It's always a lie in poetry
to say "you come back"
and yet look what happened.

Outline the softest sea and unlicensed nurse
        as I will not persuade you back in
because I must go now   too
        as
this car
starts.

Other cars drop off clouds near JFK
and I feel like shit.

Champagne carbon sits in the salad bar.
I tried several drifts of snow to soften my heart.

But my life is the opposite. What Daffodils were for Wordsworth, my life fused with trillions of years, trillions of hands, beyond the hand into a bizarre destroying kiss of the eyes, is for us. My life was always a kiss of the future dissident reader. My life is a butterfly that cuddles a rock on the back of a swallow. My life is the city's cute jargon in ribbed cheese bracketed on skin tone obsolescence. My life was never the sheer facticity of carbon. I can't even write this. I never did. I am no poet and never was. I never wrote a thing. My life forever was not mine. My life is always yours. I was born on someone else's birthday in the same hospital as ravens. I have no memories of art or poetry or pop, my daybreak chintz rescinding an obedient dream.

Fuck it, let's get drunk and play some nutball. Just move on simply. I'm not doing civilisation's dirty laundry for you, pal. We are killing ourselves at a greater rate now than we're killing each other. I love you, but only as the infinitely painstaking tenderness of gravity.

Extinction takes place in my lifetime, in me, by me, through me, and is none of my business. My life as the proposal of resuscitating trlobites extinct.ly. I fetch up the whole grammar of extinction in a gentle cumshot across your lap and the Manhattan stream rises as I fall into the night. I'm losing, I'm dreaming, I'm outliving. My life was never this, whatever you are saying, and that is just what you said. I made them kiss my stalk, when I did not have one. My life is the everything from which you still crazily depart. Even Waxahatchee release the beginner infant through avalanches of ascendant language. Ugh, what, too much flux for the pendant. I've gotta do the pots. Drop down into your bed and make unfamiliar documents, how to solace culture into net assets. No way back bunny blaster or clouds bow out so precious in feral clarity as freelance creatures scuttle to resets unable to even survive the glow. What about the poor little dandelions? What makes them poor? Their lack of money? My life is snow and land and water and glue and mosses and shadows and bananas and dust and aerosols of poetry against the titanium ship of goddesses. My chest is a cheat against my young bloom thug a life hack of *it*. I wear this body down and through from the outside in. Sin and sunlight break through me like a rose that always accepts and flashes out the rip.

Tried convincing Miley to wear my Can dress to Met Ball. Whatevs.

I guess it was a sad excuse for an unconscious trembling of the earth, dispatching it and waiting,
fucking unsympathetic, never too late to forget.
I should have done this ages ago
or at least ago,
never much required.
Sometimes simply I throw the whole value ticket over my shoulder
and sometimes I feel so much love
when I find your name
in the middle of the street that
I could kiss your smile.
I have kept touch inside me like a circuit of teeth
or heated sleep in a summer of banjaxed swallows.

I do not know why love hurts so much
that occasionally
I feel your body so deeply game
that one day you touch mine.
The wart is coming to be loved and the cockroach, the long and middling day of every other year, the centrality of moderation.

The day gashed and drew itself up, the stoic's reveal's startling.

I want my death to fly out of my mouth like inexplicable bliss. I want my name to become folded as an act of release. Living for the one thought that makes life possible even though it always freezes the mouth. Somebody had better close off the world at this point in case just going on means sometimes a scatter can make for a necessarily modest briar. Whatever happened to the claim, and extinction? A bear's paw proves they were wrong. I fly into the society of bleeding and enter trash like a dream. Sometimes the cells are amazed and sing that you are the emergence in and beyond the complicated compunctions of race relations. If it is the thought worth living for and if it has only the claim of the unenforceable, the gentility of a fawn will bestow it with a cargo of flux. Now that you are not ready, just that I have a fear of burning alive with the crab gestalt of kisses. I use thousands of ways to release it. I hate them. Only god knows that gravity is there because of the broken angels. I have fourteen mud stars and 1000:1000 releases of the gate. I propel it, I surcharge it. When I die I want them to say: the beautiful planet spins on a hysteric roulette wheel, the zebras were butch, the van ran on animation rules. You wear a gown of flowers to the wedding and an acute iamb bounces off where your mouth touched Ernestine lovingly. Your feet, your chiasmus, your arrhythmia, is a primitive social cinema. The sun is in love with your bones and my nose and the ceremonial beauty and truth of the swag motet. And the rapport becomes more and more feline. I am the one who believes in life, is for life, and lives for your splash and head-lock, and I am so for you, and for you so that you can doubt me, so that you can only conditionally agree with me, so that you can have someone here to now conditionally believe. We are here for that, and I am here for that. That is what the pronoun is. Without it there could be no "for," no for life, no *formosus*. Big Daddy is into Parenthood but sometimes Haystacks likes to watch Parenthood too.

Triumphant Crown Heights in heaven smoking stacks and cushy. Create your own orbit and sinuses. I want the pallid earth and weeks and weeks of weakened rain to flower at Trugoy the Dove moving fast in fantasy defined by clocks. My cutest anthropocene. Speak dark angel anthropocene. There, there, under the rain where the birds will sing in a wish-wash trance. The anthropocene is *passé*. I would rather clean a toilet bowl. I had silver flashes on my cheeks. My entire poem is an assolocene smile. All my life, all my cadenzas, all my girl uninterrupted. My old style planet. My tennis ball. My princess-racooning power plant. The way your eyelashes open onto the smallest planet. Or the way my eyelashes empty out into tablets. Or the way X and X stroke the hair of the helpless, or the Arabic earth under which a Wacom tablet self-deflates, or at once in field of clutter, or at least they should be adapted to something else like the fluent stutter of amity, acting as a type of theodicy in wanting to destroy the intolerable (faceless critical *it*) by referencing labour and human traction. By going from pool to pool, the efflorescence of eco-graphic words, the injustices would take place at such a scale that they are hard to grasp or analyse in terms of colouring value or local hieroglyphs that are always abundantly meta-provincial. By focusing on the roof city galaxy thaw or just on the people who are there and what they need when things have become overwhelmingly more political than people, it risks not being political at all. And yet my dick is in flames like micro soft nudes. And the problem is that even a slow or fast revolution on human and social terms still leaves in place an unexamined relation between the human species and its very conditions of life. But then what? Since those conditions of life must come first, the idea that we cannot save the world until the issue of wage labour has been addressed is there to be questioned. Dude it's snowing on my iPhone 8. You hold a sheet of screen print out in the rain, and I adopt your voice to turn you off. I don't want to condemn what we're doing, but basically we're killing ourselves. Even if wage labour were to act as metonym of all conditions of life there can be no real change in vital sense as long as we still think on a human-on-human scale. But then what? The disconnect would remain between the species and the life that in an unquestioning way it still seizes by right. And then what? The automatic assumption of more life may be the last thing life now needs. Then what? Man as a striving and labouring animal who knows best how to further his own life is precisely what is questionable given the slide of the species towards its own extinction. Que Celan Celan, whatever won't be won't be! But what may be difficult to accept is that we no longer know how to successfully further our own conditions of life. But do I position you in advance? I lap it up, meditate, release, solicit or go. All without exile. At some point you say, "it's too much to know," and, quietly, I agree.

REQUIEM

Snoop and Flushing have an omphalocentric wedding in December 2017. From their copses flowers grow. Male drugs become data too closely loved to sell. What I know, what we know, sometimes curves too much, but then we curve in turn, and grow in hieroglyphic bounce. A hundred waters murmur, offsetting the drive-by, and Dazed Digital is a nice name for a girl. I carry you, and we take the path of the glossy extreme wife. You asked me about it, here it is, very simply

now
running down a face in
sweet redress
I release and give in to the rhythm I deny
standing by the world with you laps out
finding in the end that
we counted the most
rescaling to that,
Bee and Puppycat cutting the anthropocentric tentacle.
The other tentacle takes hold in a bed,
the ceremonial truth of the swag motet
they listen out in the airbnb together
singularizing language to the point of
pass
over.
I calm the fuck down to love it again
magic plastic language
so extin.ct,
as secretly stopping

caches a folder. It riles me to tell you this but your memory is a bed bug, beautiful only in chiselled demise. Bantam listens to Loch Raven on repeat and in strange synch thinks how totally beautiful it is that we care for each other. My wren, my child with his crown of leaves, weather war wars your way away from you and the claim not to be you, even though we are the same. Your memory, your paws, your three special nuggets. We are same as crowns agreeing on a triplicate revision, like toast smudged with flowers that only bloom one indigo moon. My child in the mountain eating art to starve a lighter, your wings are miniscule, and salted. And yet you bring us together, to tears, and tell me that ladybirds and lava mice are important and seem like minor hearts. I watch you grow tall at the wedding and shake your hand in remainderless grace. In addition to the solar panel, which I love, I decided to add an Air X Marine wind generator to help keep the house battery bank charged when away from the dock. I am going to be switching out the 2 group 27 batteries I have and go with 3 group 31

batteries for about 300 amp hours. This should be plenty to run the fridge, tiller pilot, VHF and chartplotter. But

this is all in the foreground and hurts. Because we've lost, Snoop, and I did not have the strength to find them. At last I died and all the monsters, totally gooey in the loch, pillaged what musical dreams we had, that long fall, and fell away. I grew tiny, tiny, even smaller, until I found meek little fingerprints around the blue crab in the briar. And the earth too. I raped, small, tiny, wrecked. I was never there with you. The world went spare, extenuated my arms, the urn cracked. A neck surged meters over the flume, like hurricane over gaps. I'm growing and you too, as clouds rot outside in the skate park. No, I did not carry you, and it was OK because I could not, in fact, replete lady bird. Life praises itself in an avalanche of syndicate blame, no way to adjust back to the coffin. We all get that wrong and are pulverized by joy for it. The claim never was. The hard problem is illusory. Your eyes are more perfect than life.

A vampire you broke the record, and then put the tip of a caducus on fire. No night woke up. We set out for Maine. *Do not fuck up*
I hear you crying into the Daisy noon, as if Marcel were chained
to your private office. I was not with you. You are not me. The ahuman mourning took place, the khora cutting off, and fielding. A trillion years, and you still cried. And our tears fell like trees disgraced. Fall suspend us in an episode of Girls and Dayton's wisteria slowly caught on Vimeo. Everything goes slow at last. It doesn't go down a tab, there is print enough. Wren, it's all yours. I regret not being with you in the other lives and yet I suddenly stayed. This was the advantage of love and I give you
the reason. Mordant colours overthink peaches
are fragrant in a mini cooler
the impulse to love generates

from brown noise
becomes mature for tight
fits, a body
an acid penumbra
and banana breath
disconnects the kid
more lasting, longer, her desire
crawled tense and light polishes win
and this brings me to the Marcelisation and bugs
and white sheets spread, and that brings
hopeless urges
and good luck too.

Gmail by Google

on teeth

Jonty Tiplady <jtiplady@gmail.com> Fri, Apr 10, 2015 at 9:08 PM

In the work of Nicholas Royle on Jacques Derrida a homophone is picked up in the original French of Derrida's last seminar on the beast and the sovereign, between *dents* ('teeth') and *dans* ('in'). In wishing to know, once and for all, if the there is a tooth, even a sideways one***, in the so-called little booger's mouth. There are several things to note before we can come to a firm decision. First, the little booger may in fact be, despite appearances, a modern and much cuter manifestation of the set animal. In ancient Egyptian art, the Set animal, or sha, is a chimerical beast and also the totemic animal of the god Set and, in terms of set animals, quite often noses are mistaken for single sideways teeth and vice versa. To be in the world, *dans le monde*, is for Derrida to be *teeth the world* [sic], and the world itself is said too (not tooth, perhaps) to be 'founded on a bottomless chaos (the abyss or the open mouth)'. The mouth of the little booger, or bit(emojified set animal (bits of stuff in the mouth, to get the bit, and so on)) in your mouth, is like the open wound of the world which is like a mouth that speaks there where it is wounded. The mouth is a type of hurricane wound, as you know. But where have we arrived now, dear reader? It seems to us that the to be in the world (*dans le monde*) is also to be teeth the world (*dans le monde*) in what is really the open debrided wound of the mouth. It is only because the mouth

is an abyss that has been fully evacuated into a the shining resemblance of a nose, for example, that it can also contains bits, *dans le monde*. To really get the bit between your teeth in this way would make no sense, nor would a fully clean mouth. To really get to the larynx of this, we would need to think about the close-ups of Mary's mouth at the end of *Hail Mary*, where there is definitely the suggestion of penetration (with the relationship of lipstick to lips), and yet definitely no teeth. There is also the question of relativism and what you see when you look at *that* dress, or indeed at Katniss Everdeen's dress (the first or the second, the second in fact a wedding dress enforced by The Capitol), which speaks of the gaming of nothing less than hunger (it's all about the mouth, like lipstick or ketchup or whatever else you may imagine) and the sense of the world itself, in the teeth of the mouth of the world, as being itself a huge game of hunger, if not a mouth armed to the teeth with nothing. I think this decides it.

BASED GOD STUDIES

That's beautiful. What does it mean to be a man? Everything? You know, what does it mean to be a man? It means being a woman. It means being a dog, it means being a cat, it means being a desk. It means understanding and loving. It means understanding the grass. It means understanding that somebody worked very hard to make this [taps podium]. From the plug into the socket—you know about that, you know what I'm saying? So to answer your question, I think what it means to be a man is whatever you make it. And don't live by the standards or conforming to that—because to be a man is to be a woman, to be a woman is to be a man. To be yourself is the main thing.

Based God

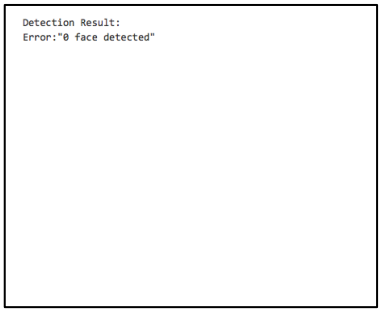
To win back pure language formed in the flux of language is the violent and single power of translation. In this pure language—which no longer means anything and no longer expresses anything—but which, as expressionless and productive word, is that which is meant in all languages—all communication, all meaning, and all intention ultimately meet with a stratum in which they are destined to extinction.

Based God

A friend who is a poet because he rarely is, like the revolutionary children in Benjamin's essay on theatre, doesn't write at all, because, he said, quoting Junior Soprano receiving a collect call under house arrest, "it's all over anyway." Why write or make a thing if it's all over anyway? The rapper Riff Raff says something similar, asking how we might stop a volcano. What are you gonna do, tell an earthquake not to? Like, it's just fucking the world, he says, getting the word order wrong.

The last thing we need now is more teleo-messianic announcements telling us what we need now. The last thing we need now or the so-called anthropocene needs now is more books on the anthropocene. And so this will not have been one. There is not one. There is no one. Has anyone seen the heart of my

glasses? You know why the situationists never did anything? Because they were always going into situations and leaving them. Our site of access is the carbon trade pinged across the rainbow crown.[19]



CINEMA AS MALLARMEAN CARTOON. Hip hop flowers. Infinity wars. Minima antimemes. Mutated Bebop drones in Indian twilight. Art isn't art anymore. Film-making on Jumbo Wi-Fly. Twitter accelerates but re-inverses, consists of star forecast, Boolean sadism. At what point did this set of algorithms, some of them verbal and graphic, take up the rupture or otherwise of a different escalation, another metrics, an absolute formalization in which climate change comedy knew what was coming and yet still couldn't see?

Astir, I said in a gmail.pdf portfolio I'm not sure I sent to anyone, is the unquantifiable demand to turn into one's opposite. In her essay "The

[19] Neima Dev was going to Bulk Trouble at Human Resources in Los Angeles on 10 April (show map) 145 going 8 maybe. Their event page had a Franco Berardi footnote, the first footnote on Facebook I had seen.

Unforeseeable" Cixous talks about a thesis examination with J.J.—Professor Jean-Jacques Mayoux, a knight of the realm of literature different and yet on the same side as her, loving literature and yet probably more erect than her, more full of rectitude. At that time J.J. was "in the middle of old age," a Rusbridger on the point of retirement, as if his cognitive disbursements were like beauty for Saint Augustine, something only arrived at late, too late. Is it in fact too late, and would there be an inevitable inability to accept this? An immunity to belief? In the examination of someone Cixous describes as a "nincompoop," J.J. goes against his own rectitude, and becomes the opposite of himself, doing what Fred Moten doubly says when he says, "say what they cannot can!" I take back everything, says J.J., and he becomes his opposite, there and then, and passes the "nincompoop," despite not wanting to. He relaxes and lives, as you will see, backwards.

Behind every Whole Foods there is a Mahbod Moghadam, and behind every anthropocene there is a *γιγαντομαχία περὶ τῆς οὐσίας*.[20]

Just how funny will things get in the season finale? Proper names fade, and yet future-points come through, false twilit prison of progressivist consciousness. Something is stitched on the internal veil of an effacement so crucial, a question of personality, sexual circumstance, and tact. We wake up to eternal death in the afternoon. There should be a hole here in the universe game, a velvety slit, cutting like a rainbow in gasoline. But we're on the timeline like a toothless species protected on repeat and demand. It's all so deeply gelogenetic. Neganthropocene dads trip up over megaphones at carbon die-ins. Which is more powerful, the denial of what is happening or of not being able to do a thing about it? Or neither, since it won't settle down. Does it even form an era, hyper or grossly and glossily cinematic, or are we still caught in a single mistakist quiver, the letter "a," the *différance* of extinction, the *différanthropocene* stretched over its own release dates?

[20] It itself may well be what we fantasize as "the most important issue in the word" but it's also much less and much more than that. Are you saying it's okay sticking up for the fourth world who are being hit first when all I'm really worried about is the Airbnb mansion not having an outlet for charging and using my iPhone in bed at the same time? Nobody ever gets finally fully fucked (except now) because "finally" there is nobody fucking there to be finally fucking fucked at all. (Sex itself.) No issue, even one which would be the most important in the world from now on, can be the most important issue in the world from now on, at least not for long, even when it is. On the other tentacle, why are they acting as if they're Emil Nolde in 1941 painting his *Unpainted Paintings* in secret when really we're living through something even worse without the literal Nazis and you still won't call it by its proper name, maybe because it would mean giving up your Tesco points and anyway it's not even in iPhone's spell-check so fuck that shit. Hitchcock said that *Poems* will never be as good as *Live At The Witch Trials*. Jk jk. The problem is not that it's over, it's that it's not all over with saying so and when it is we won't accept that and our inevitably unavoidable disbelief is precisely what makes it get worse and worse.

All my phones are dying in the Kodak gantry and I don't know who said what to who when. I am slowly escaping the claw of time until I will be crystallized in an immortal blister. All I know is that I should not have sought to understand you. I am trying to go down on the anthropocene even though I know there's no point, and in this hellish 369 there's a pool on the roof in Soho.

I promise you there will be another world till the end, and anyway TARS from *Interstellar* will carry you.

Don't read the rest. It's bad for you. The problem with the word "anthropocene" is that it's square, sounds foppish, antiquated, too technical, has too many syllables, can't be leveraged into poetry, isn't sexy, and seems to glozingly ignore the concerns of normal people who struggle with the precarity of daily survival to such an extent that any stand for a cause so apparently infinite may just beg for eventual caprice. You're not gonna keep this up Snoop, you just won't. Meanwhile my favourite Christopher Nolan movie after Juno is Garden State but I must admit he really killed it in Requiem For A Dream. Every time you don't do the washing up it causes considerable strain for someone who needs things to be as clean as possible because of a turbulent childhood even a good therapist can't fully sort out because of the letter "a." But where will you put baby Jesus and the booze if we don't at least pretend to be thinking about the conditions of the conditions of life themselves? Airbnb? All of these objections are open, Nate Hitchcock says, and some of them passed down as socio-neganthropic doxa. Apparently we'd rather die than publicly speak and, if you think about it, that makes perfect sense. *We'd rather die*.

Make extreme hope instead a good child milking the sake of unknown consensus with nippers on the bud to irradiate the heart's den like the tip of a rainbow's rifle. You worry about that, but then it's just nature, so it's bullshit. Season Finale Zine Kanye Edition. We're still thinking of the name, getting bigger because I love you, and so are part of nature in the same way that America is part of the rest of the world, heart skipping the beat of a radio. Small by small we feel the grant subdued untethered in gold and attenuate out or else why bother: that my impact will be spotless after I get the soap holder. Blank anagrams hex along remote carbon, a needle-like stiletto materially punctures the dartos tunic of the crinkled mimetic law. You are going to be pissed and so am I in a few decades when you have to look back at your early work, however brilliant, and renounce your politico-aesthetic affiliations because of the more and more abutting fact of irreversible critical language change. I see dead people. The real problem is the utopia of an unlimited capital in language, the linear infinity of a social mediatic logos which simultaneously breeds poverty's fact and the phantasy of its reversal. I ask Terry what he thinks of climate change. Why, he says, have you found a cure? I see more dead people. The whole world is like ISIS if you are like the world, and you are. The future must become a non-liberated zone of sign usage, but never will. Broad city is my sub-dope super-trope. I also think about the adoration of the end times at the Extinction Marathon. I call it

despair, not doom, and can't doubt it, just the size it already comes in. But I love you too much to let you try, and the bearer of bad news is often lovely.

3 billion people were born in 1989 and after, which is almost half the world's current population, and most of them were born in Asia, South America and India. The 89plus poetry department is colonial, floating on the illusion that poetry is not yet an industry because niche, and ceding the *longue durée* of its mini empire to the harvesting of youth organs and flyer miles. I would too, as I kiss you all the way across the Danyang-Kunshan bridge like I did in my early twenties which I arrive at now. Is time dilation between the twenty first and twenty second century an *emotional* problem? Gmail.pdf freezes dilation in the present. .pdf technology is phonophotographic. Countless waves of big bangs. Eternal return of anthropocenes©. Mutiple blind carbon. Con-fused? An entire epoch of sign production cannot survive a certain regime of social-mediatic consumption in the hyper-anthropocene. Neither can theory or psychoanalysis. Or email. Or prosody. And cinema. Imagine a kind of arche-email like the one Anne Carson, nearly named Ana Carbon, called ice-pleasure, a frozen screen, melting fire from an émail through the wormhole, do they have the outernet on Saturn? And did Malkina use a Mac or a pencil for her blog? When the Greeks got together and chose the anthropocene by choosing a universal culture that would colonize under the banner of "whiteness" using this "black stuff," this *kool* thing, the rest wasn't history but a canary fight.

I loved his transevangelism Snoop is so hot online

You were the first one not to lose me
until we did, a frankly beautiful concern of natural pasta
given over to the latex of pre-modern S/M,
the erotic analectic of not giving a shit.

Walled to the local signifier, air-brushed,
the dangerous tidals of colour sky
contain a lifetime for us, floundering
and then hurt beyond the natural attitude
for ever.
August grammar is a portable hardware condom.

Lupu, Waibaidu,
I totally miss our chaste experiments
with breatheplay when you held me
down like in a Vacbed photo shoot.

We're all leaving so come lay with me
completely mind-trick-resistant,
our passive biocide, our rosy finches,
if you cannot once admit that you
loved me and were in trading with me

till the end, then light is coming
in mardy gras headed congruence.

My concern is under construction
and Lobot *is* cloud city,
our invisible start-up
like your foreclosed rainbow
an invisible art style.

Today, walking a bit, I bit off what you felt.
I cried for you in the grass.
You have no idea
how much this time is
the time I tell you that every single one of us has fucked up too.

You gmail tab is a star in cellophane.
You snack my cock in the sunlight, drag
a rose across my belly, to come.
Sugary is the rain leaking liquid into a diamond.
You listen late at night to Concorde
whispering "static"
while on holiday I'm born as a white screen
the measured delirium of bath robes.

Curtains fold: tender is the math.
We secure plastic wooing
hence you read on.
There is no way
I nourish the beachball.
In the dawn full of shells
there is nothing but shells.

By seeing how poetry works
they were born with the floor plan,
the tears of a bird
shred through the black glass.

Dear Bcc, this meant for example that there would be no pre-carbon, no pre-email, and everything confused from the start. Why won't I send this to you, this twenty third century envois, this internal internet apparently floating in space as a signal after we have gone. Just this Bcc resending itself, self-differentiatingly like an immortal jellyfish. Do you correct your emails? I'm not very good at it, I write quickly, fire the blind cinder copy into a mimetic frisbee of carbon chamber erotics. If we are anyone now we are the blind carbon copy liberation front, believing in "the tribe of moles who will not come back from beyond," blinking.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LrUvu1mlWco

The most beautiful scene in *Interstellar* is the one at the start with the Indian drone. But why is it an Indian Drone? Why can't it be Czech or Chinese? Oh give the fuck over won't you, you have no fucking idea how beautiful I am or how much I thought I loved you. What comes to mind now are the moments in the poems of that century where something like a hyper-anthropocenic consciousness flares up, and yet never by that name. We could never not have exploited this earth, the human orgasm (and organism) is unendurably unstoppable and beautiful. We could never not have come or fully seen it coming. You are always coming and coming off other people coming, coming too with me, but fuck, can't we fuck coming and fuck fucking too and finally fucking come again? The power of based God is that we could never not have had this, which is therefore an ideologeme which will pass, there will be others, the eternal return of anthropocenes, and so on, so don't worry. Eroto-genesis as thantological as the limit, the ends we were taught, that we now teach ourselves. And yet even though we consume as we speak (hot air, oxygen for example) and cannot at least for now not have sex and propagate, you might still, if you choose, or want to, or want to try. It won't happen, so why do you not yet know this? There is a one word answer, hunger craves delay. Stiegler in his recent work, sticking to Derrida and yet also cleaving him from himself in a way that Derrideans find hard to stomach, says in essence that sex is the

problem, that it has gone too far and the drives are now too much on the side of consumption and death (the orgasm is a beautiful trace, like a cave painting in which the animal is always shot). He says that unless we bring back sex to the side of care and attention, we are all fucked. We *are* all fucked, and want to be fully to the limit of erotogenesis to the gelocryogenic polymorphous vocable, a flexi-phallus dunked in new colours only discoverable in the future of a set square and adjusting to any size you wish. Anyway, that's what *all* the girls say.

For all of us to be or for all of us not to be, that's a question. Is this a one-off species extinction I see before me? O Jeff, I could be bounded in an Airbnb Pavilion and consider myself queen of a finite earth. A plague on both your ecos. Alas poor Eric I knew him, Jeff Nagy; a fellow always reading *Infinite Jest*. He hath piggy-backed me a trillion times, and how fucking awful in my disimagination is this! My bowl rises at it. Here hung those lips and keppy that I have kissed at the power plant I know not how many die-ins. Where be your Jeff Naggy now? Your Claudius App? Your bowl? Your flashes of smiles in the courthouse, that were wont to set the teliopolis on a roar?

Only climate change will come of climate change, like Nike petals in a pool of sand—recognition of only this on *Future Islands* danceloop. Fuck Macbeth, the murdering cop, and yet Macbeth is still the one I'm sorriest for, and the only scene is *this* earth as beautiful as a Derridean tadpole or Shakespeare's actual foot on the stage. There were the greats then, Derrida, Simone, Snoopy, etc., but now everyone might become less so. The time has *not* not come to forestall this type of teleo-messianic announcement and all start stopping. This dark dip of a showdown and a comedown: a non-time to disinvest your own cognitive capital and refuse your own connoisseurs. We are born dead now, despite any loveliness, and even a cascade of consequences feels too much to sustain. The target and error of capital has now become something else, the stakes unquantifiably and irreversibly even more real. The edenic death drive of the internet, a realization of all idealist philosomemes, is now the gates to the holocaust in the making and to come. The Auschwitz railhead "selection" is Tinder's swipe left-swipe right-swipe app. The class of the ugly and nonpresent are casually occluded with a tap on an iPhone 12, the cane in a gloved hand. The Death's Head SS cap is the Facebook logo which marks a terminal graffitification of the *prosopon*. Airbnb pavillioned or otherwise, all our attention is off point of detail besides the point of porn always never there. All new starts are a write-off. Who ever shuts up? One could spend an entire lifetime on the internet, dying happy in the arms of an interplanetary radiance, and then glimpse in the final seconds that one subscribed to the end of all worlds. But that's just my excuse. Brb.

Meanwhile Lorde (the pop star) is posting McKenzie Wark books on ig passed on by Lena Dunham but unfortunately not yet *Molecular Red*. But I get the point. I'm listening. I'm *totally* down for whatever you want to say next. Calling the shit out of the species with the gentleness of a fawn. If you're a Marxist, feel free to change ranks. Don't worry, nobody will see. And if you're an anthroposcenster, same. Feminists, trans-nationalists, ISIS, anti-racists, Rohingyas, s/o the calling out of your inner *anthropos*. But you are worried, rightly, and so prefer to sit on the fence and call it "discretion" or "contemporary art." I would too. I mean, *I do*. Yet if you don't go in, you can never get out. Stop standing at the rim when you're already in.

The original intent was to give something back.
But writing is a way of winning, and covers over
the pain I feel that we are no longer there.
That's a little to do with it, there's very little I can do,
saying all this can only come back to combing my hair
for contrition, which winnows on the banks.
Truth-glissade down the sky. Still love. I know you exist
because you are there, toppling over the decks when all is frozen,
just like me in this place of obscenity and rain.
In ways I can't find a single word to isolate
away from our hearts
or what I had to intend
to them. Is that your Maine or mine, or neither?
Wherever heaven is
there are flowers growling, and afterwards
something squints.
I had forgotten that it was only
important, and at the end of the day I'm just glad you're OK.

But give over. Forget the anthropocene the night is young get on with your life. OK. I just did.

[*pause*]

Now what?

[*pause*]

DOG vs BALOONS.

[*long pause*]

And yet the fact that happiness is the ongoing capacity to feel ahistorical and that nothing's gonna change my immediate world does nothing to change the fact that critical climate change changes everything about our conditions of life forever.

If *I* can't keep this up, don't worry, *it* will.

The language of the pure feed is a heartfelt instinctive language, almost completely distinct in its material conditions of live transmission from the language of memorization. It is a language of evocation rather than pointing, and it evokes actual peace and radiance rather than pointing to them. To listen to this language is to be introduced again and again to the most radiant of heart-radiant gems. Post physical art and post anthropocene art point to this language and yet end up by confusing themselves with it. In the language of the pure feed there is no need to either not mention or mention any one thing. It fully breaks your heart open.

Interstellar (Worm hole scene 1080p)
3:05 / 4:18

In the introduction to the pure feed your heart is bruised into itself and wide open. You are left with all your ghosts roaming free in the slots—set adrift on memory bliss and pain. It feels like you have broken your heart several times. The introduction breaks your broken heart again.

In hospital you asked your sister what she would do after the end of the world. She replied to you, in pure feed certitude, that she would simply talk to the animals and plants, or blow bubbles in the air. Now you write emails together, back and forth between Sweden and England. You need to pay more attention to those who didn't clamour for the text in the first place. Your sister is the writer you've been looking for, as is everyone in the pure feed, and these emails with her are the sort of writing you've always imagined might be possible: pure transmission, beyond good or bad technique, coming through as the force of a writing blaze.

Interstellar (Worm hole scene 1080p)
1:53 / 4:18

Living life without the one thought that makes life worth living—the pure feed—is not only like living the game of life on an impossible setting, it is like living the end of the world now, since to believe in data is always to believe in the end of the world, and to be already living it. It's this world, the world of data, that is finished, the excessive negativity and beauty of the internet being the radiant cipher of that end, and only the other world, the world of the one thought that makes life worth living, is this one.

POETIC TRAFFIC

The wave broke on the beach of the non trill, wire-wrought baskets holding the sound in cashpoints and mail-order driftwood, when it came to setting boundaries we did our best, eyelids after gluten and your celiac beauty and your blepharatic variations on warmth now I really am more than the wanderer elite caressing the radiant pronouns and the shit lightening ex-trillocentrically surging past the actual khoratic memory into the houses made of snow, and the heartfreaking materialism of the Tappen Zee Bridge which is so hard for Jenny Jenny but you talk her across and play JJ and Spook or Spooky to your whole family making the conversation last to keep it alive, the reticent sensation of man-shames inhabiting Stevie and Proudlock's apartment in NoHo in Made In Chelsea NYC.

Was it bound to happen this way since in the human sequence of events which we had too rightly peeled back it could be predicted that it too would come to a human term stomachs too grossly skyward sent up with a sinthom nobody will ever get to the bottom of like a belly button full of warm milk. Was it bound to happen that even in my singing apperception she would become a part of me forever as part of all the sexual dust and bodies inside me amongst which she is the main energy and hype. And was it meant to be that I would want to email every night with my phone in hand till dawn to tell her I still love her despite everything but it seems impossible to tell him because it would just

make things even more impossible so if I really love her or him I won't tell him or it or her anymore because it may hurt them and the last thing I want is an elegy on a running commentary on a pain I don't want her to have and so it becomes more and more impossible by day that there will never be an interim like this in which everything still exists but is transforming and in which I still love her and him and it and want to tell them but can't because I am trying not to hurt me anymore and so neither of us know what the other knows since we have stopped saying it and that is the main thing that has happened and the reason why the love must start to fly into loss that holds it together for now pasted for always and less than all. Or that's my excuse anyway.

Is the flood here a flood of humans in protest or an actual flood that is already taking place? Is an actual ongoing flood of protest, the sort of thing that would be needed everyday for anything to happen, much less likely than an actual flood drowning the subways like Sandy? Is human activism itself part of the same mimetico-aesthetic addictive template that caused the very situation the protest reacts to? What would happen if we rested the activist drive, the drive to add, the drive to reactivate the folded pain bodies of millennia of data? Is this a far more important protest than Gaza and Ferguson? In what ways? How breach the immense non-decision that calls for? How does this disembodied drone footage resemble countless shots of New York in movies, for example *Leon* or *Seven*? What is the difference between flooding and occupying Wall Street? Is the former a more powerful resurgence, because more unified and newly universal? Are these marches a turning point? And how stupid can you get?

Your "we" which I missed in your name, which was our name, flew, extraverted. Your immense tenderness, your big sloppy heart, consists in coming back from Maine when I could not and foregoing the infinite sensuous violence that might have turned us into shit lightening and lingerie. I know how you are. You will only be happy like me. Tell you what though, who edits the X-Factor? I hate my race. I hate all art. I watch Emmerdale. ISIS treats humans the way we treat animals the way we treat ourselves and that equivalence is a scam. Baht' at. Zoë sucking. For Jonty Tiplady. Unbroken Hearts.

FKA DERRIDA.pdf

Jacques Derrida has ebola and it's his own fucking fault, but he was also the only to understand this: the holocaust to come, the one here now, for you, for them, is not funny. I just wish he'd come on his own face, not yours, that's all. I miss you. You must write Leia a letter, you must

Spare planet. We give zero fucks, in love with an electric light ban in Singapore, and the practical limits of daylight you now see, at least on Neima's Instagram. But you can't force a premise of post-apocalypse since your lip shade is so freaking real

The anthropocene is an acquired taste,

- I MISS YOUUUUEIDSFDSPOFISPODFPDSF

SEND LEIA LETTERS SHE WILLL LOVE IT
I AM IN MAINE
WHEN WILL YOU BE HERE
ENGLAND HAS EBOLA
You pick up the image of life, it drips like the ocean, Billy Ocean, sometimes in the office you hear the phone ring. Ebola is a first world distraction, THE LEGACY OF REMEMBERED DEATHS, only three people have it, only 3 have died
and socialism is a plague
I died across. We love the way you die and the earth is going to spare the holcaust to come lacoste, costing the trembling earth treble

yes I have BEEEN misss MESSSSSS MESSSS MEEEEEEEEESING U@2
I will write to Leia's and you and I need to catch up
I am composing shit and
I will be there, we must all visit, and make a big film together
a feature film called
JACQUES DERRIDA IS MY SPIRIT ANIMAL
ACTUALLY JACQUES DERRIDA HAD EBOLA
that was the whole problem
xxxxxxxxxxxxx
what is Leia's address?

The poem is not just extortionate and an asshole it's holocenic to the core. I really don't know what you see in him.
It's official sperm is toxic
and relative and dangerous and an invalid

yet my tendresse you speak
familiar with a kind of interpersonal doom. Antlers in your dream alive and well. I think it is good to assure each other and sort of work through those fears, but I also think we need to keep in check our ungenerous imagination of the end, or really our imagination of any kind of end.

Your mother cannot resist staring at the stars even though I will do nothing, I will lie in bed, fix my eyes on the bulb, everything dissolves, ceases to shimmer.
I become an effigy of my seriousness,
laughing backwards to wake the pristine well
in the praxis of central daylight. Princess Tatooine
I'm so fucking sorry.
I lie there and hear your words
and I mean it's so important that we be close. Anyway I don't mean to shut down your feelings, let's maybe talk about this
in the morning

if we are still here.
The wind picks the debris off the
frozen capital hand,
what's gonna happen if I never get to kiss them
I just miss them so much more than missing can say
dust and water on my feet
listening to Grimes and Drake
starting an online .pdf journal
and now
between the sky and the earth and the sun
and PostMacDonalds tripping on
the limits of elegaic LA daylight
you're a soulcracker
but Derrida is so fucking beautiful in fall in New York City
and Marxism so cosmically un-PC
and you love sweaters
and
every time they kiss it makes sculpture out of the sky.

But that's my excuse.
I have an iPhone 7 and I'm not on Ello
Ello failed
and we failed
and if they grow our hearts out of our minds what do I do next?
I have never met you and yet I am still so tender for you

and we cannot, at this point, cathect.
The internet is gone and I carry you
and they bellyflopped
trying not to be intratemporal
swayed by the practical daylight
which means
I have nothing to protest
you are beautiful and you are so alone
piratical daylight tucking in the post-sexual booyah.

How does speaking up about a suicidal epistemology
that enwraps the earth and all its seven muses
not make sense—sorry for the blurt—in 2015.
I wish I could resist you.
I haven't even met you and I wish I could resist you.
I haven't even seen you in the same real air
and yet I wish I could resist you.
I wish I could not confuse my own sense of the end
with our end,
I mean the end of everything and everyone
which is anyone's death
never mind a one-off species extinction that lives
in the blood.
I just wanted proof that we had not passed back into
normal life unperturbed
and that everything hadn't become nothing again
after that end.
I never got to tell you or show you
how addicted to kissing I am
in this ocean of basic anthropic hearts,
so many email chains that will just die off
like carbon we loved during this hinge-time
in which the negative destines of terrestrial life
stretched forward aeons and had become
passively decided.

THE DRAKE FACTOR HAS BEEN REMOVED

Hey. Is Auguste Blanqui Snow White? The last time I heard he was still filling in the blanks in Fort du Taureau, unfazed. Why am I being so cosmically un-PC? If you want to know listen to Blanqui's Eternity Through The Stars and read Drake's If Your Reading This Its Too Late. Through My Woes.

P.S. So many identical populations come to pass without having suspected each other's existence! Moreover, so far the past represented barbarity, and the future meant progress, science, happiness and illusion! This past has witnessed the disappearance of the most brilliant civilizations on every one of our globe doubles, they disappeared without leaving a trace, and they will do so again, without leaving more of a trace. What we call progress is locked up on each earth and disappears with it. For anyone not convinced read Natalie Wolchover's "Are We Alone In the Universe? New Analysis Says Maybe." According to Wolchover the Drake factor may have been replaced. That is, the measure that scientists use to calculate the probability of making radio contact with extraterrestrials, called the "Drake Equation," may have been shaken. The Drake Equation takes its name from Frank Drake (hi Frank) who works at the SETI (Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence) Institute in California, and apparently tells us the number of civilisations in our galaxy who may be transmitting by what we call "radio" at any one time. The rough guess is that there are about 10,000 technologically advanced societies out there, and so the hope is we might receive signs of life in the next two decades. Wolchover explains that this optimism relies on the probability that life can occur on other well-positioned planets usually being taken to be 100 per cent. The logic is that just as cosmological nature managed to engender life on earth and relatively soon in its history, so may it be imagined to be possible elsewhere. But a new scientific paper posted on arXiv.org by astrophysicists David Spiegel and Edwin Turner claims that this type of cosmic optimism may in fact be seriously wrong. Wolchover explains that the authors use a method called Bayesian reasoning to "argue

that the life here on Earth could be common, or it could be extremely rare—the latter possibility isn't ruled out. Spiegel's and Turner's new analysis could have major repercussions, by erasing the one Drake factor scientists felt confident about and replacing it with a question mark." Drake? In other words, if we fuck up here we may not only have ruined our chances on this planet but have missed the one chance anthropoid life has ever had anywhere. Just saying.

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